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[ONE PENNY.]



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the House of Lords, the Duke of Marlborough moved that the order for going into committee on the Education Bill be discharged, on the ground that the state of public affairs and the business before Parliament compelled the Government reluctantly to abandon the measure for the present session. After some discussion, the motion was agreed to.

In the House of Lords, the Earl of Malmesbury suggested, on the order for going into committee on the Friendly Societies' Bill, that, owing to the impossibility of passing the measure this Session, Lord Lichfield should withdraw it.—Their Lordships then adjourned until Friday.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Secretary Hardy, it was agreed that a select committee be appointed to consider the boundaries of the following boroughs, as laid down by the boundary commissioners, and to report what, if any, alterations should be made therein:—Birkenhead, Birmingham, Bolton-le-Moors, Bristol, Cheltenham, Chester, Gateshead, Gloucester, Greenwich, Hastings, Lambeth, Liverpool, Manchester, Marylebone, Newport (Isle of Wight), Newport (Monmouthshire), Northampton, Nottingham, Oldham, Portsmouth, Preston, Reading, Salisbury, South Shields, Tynemouth, Warwick, Wigan, Wilton, Windsor, Chelsea, and Kensington, Darlington, Middlesborough, Salford. Some discussion took place with regard to the terms of reference, but ultimately they were settled in the following form:—"That all petitions presented to the House relative to the said boroughs be referred to the committee, and that the committee have power to receive and call for maps, memorials, reports, papers and records concerning the said boroughs, and to confer with the boundary commissioners and those employed under them in their inquiries, and with the members for the boroughs and counties affected; the committee to set *de die in diem*." A committee of five members was then appointed, consisting of Mr. Walpole, Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. A. Bruce, and Mr. K. Hodgson.—On the order for going into committee on the Scotch Reform Bill, Mr. Baxter moved that it be an instruction to the committee that instead of adding to the numbers of the House they have power to disfranchise boroughs in England having by the census returns of 1861 less than 5,000 inhabitants. If his proposal were adopted its effect would be to disfranchise ten English boroughs, the aggregate number of whose electors was only 2,874, eight out of the ten having decreased in population since the year 1831.—Mr. Whitbread seconded the motion, to which Sir R. Knightley proposed an amendment, and was seconded by Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, an instruction to the committee to take one seat from boroughs in England now returning two members, and having by the census returns of 1861 less than 1,200 inhabitants. After some discussion, in the course of which Mr. Childers spoke in support of the instruction moved by Mr. Baxter, and Mr. Cochrane and Lord E. Howard against it, Mr. Disraeli said that although he preferred increasing the numbers of the House, yet as the question at issue was between the proposal of Mr. Baxter on the one hand, and that of Sir R. Knightley on the other, as the principle of the former had been twice negatived by the House and the latter twice affirmed, he should vote for the amendment. Mr. Gladstone objected to the amendment that it tended to a general derangement of the balance of representation by taking strength from points which were already too weak, whilst the original motion commended itself to his approval, because it tended to a fair diffusion of political power, and would give strength and security to the system of popular representation.—On the House dividing the amendment was negatived by 217 to 196, or a majority of 21, and Mr. Baxter's instruction was agreed to.—Mr. McLaren moved a resolution in favour of giving 15 additional members to Scotland, which led to some discussion, but was eventually withdrawn; and a motion of Mr. Reardon increasing the number of Irish seats, and establishing electoral districts throughout the United Kingdom, was ruled by the Speaker to be not germane to a Scotch Reform Bill, and, therefore, out of order.—The House then went into committee, and proceeded with the consideration of the clauses of the bill. On Clause 3, "Occupation Franchise for Voters in Burghs," Mr. Bouvier moved to omit the words making personal payment of rates a necessary incident of the qualification. Discussion followed, the amendment being opposed by the Lord Advocate; and on the committee dividing, the words were struck out by 118 to 96, or a majority against the rating qualification of 22.—Mr. Bouvier having moved to substitute other words creating a lodger and joint occupancy franchise, Mr. Disraeli interposed by observing that the Government had entertained every desire to bring to a happy conclusion the consideration of this measure, but he regretted to find that the results, so far, had not been of that character. Upon the whole, after the decision just arrived at, he thought it best to move that the Chairman should report progress, in order to enable Ministers to consider what course they should take.—After some discussion progress was reported, and the resumption of committee fixed for Monday next.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone having asked what course the Government proposed to take on the second reading of the Established Church (Ireland) Bill, which stood for Friday, Mr. Disraeli stated that the Government looked on the bill as the first step towards the disestablishment of the Church, and intended to give it the greatest opposition they could.—Mr. Disraeli, replying to an inquiry of Mr. Dalglish, stated the course which the Government proposed to take with reference to the Scotch Reform Bill.—Mr. Trevelyan propounded his scheme for reforming the system of sale and purchase of commissions in the army, and the main features of which he embodied in a series of seven resolutions, to the effect:—"That the purchase and sale of military commissions should be discontinued after a date to be fixed for the purpose; that from that date every officer on full pay should be credited with the then value of his commissions, taking into consideration the regulation and the extra regulation prices; that the sum so credited should be paid by the Government to any officer retiring from the service under circumstances which would previously have enabled him to sell his commission; that a portion of the sum so credited should be paid to any officer promoted to be effective Major-General; that regimental promotion up to the rank of captain should be made according to a combined system of seniority and selection, and above that rank by selection; that suitable conditions of retirement should be provided at the expense of the State for officers of every rank; and that a fixed proportion of the vacant commissions in each regiment should be filled by promotion of qualified non-commissioned officers.—After a long and interesting debate, the motion was withdrawn.

THE OUTRAGE IN NORTON FOLGATE.—DEATH OF THE WOMAN.—After a lapse of more than a week Mrs. Grossmith, the poor woman who was so outrageously beaten by an assistant in her husband's employ, died from the frightful injuries she had received. Dr. Jackson, who attended her up to the last, was of opinion that from an early hour on Sunday morning she was sinking rapidly, and in the evening she died. Arthur Mackey, the murderer, for so he must now be called, is still at large, and, though the police have received many reports of his being seen in various parts of the metropolis, and have sent men in search of him, yet the reports have always turned out to be chimeras, and not the slightest clue has been obtained as to the whereabouts of the youth.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

The Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer gives a full-dressed banquet to-day, in celebration of Her Majesty's birthday, at Willis's Rooms.

The Rev. Mr. Collis, rector of Queenstown, has received a letter, dated Cork, May 12, to the following purport:—"Your doom. Please yourself. Live or die. (Skull and cross-bones.) As the lot has fallen on me, I am in honour, and under pain of death, bound to carry out our decision. I hereby tell you that if the Bible dépot at Queenstown, of which you are the father, is not shut up within four days from this date you shall be shot through the head without delay." On receipt of this letter the Rev. Mr. Collis made a codicil to his will, giving £1,000 to the Irish Church missions, on condition that after his death the operations of the society should be maintained in Queenstown. The writer of the letter is thought to be known.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR, attended by Major H. C. Elphinstone, C. B., and other members of his suite, went to Chatham on Saturday afternoon for the purpose of inspecting the dockyard and military establishments. In the Wildfire, Mr. Brockman, master commander, his Royal Highness crossed over from Shoeburyness, and arrived in Chatham Harbour shortly after twelve o'clock. On landing the Prince was received by Captain Superintendent W. H. Stewart, C.B., Major-General J. L. A. Simmons, C.B., Colonel C. Pasley, and other officials. His Royal Highness then proceeded on board the Hercules and the Monarch, ironclads, in the inspection of each of which he was engaged for some time. His Royal Highness was next conducted through the mould loft, after which he visited the residence of the captain superintendent in the dockyard, in which it is intended he shall reside, with his suite, during the time he is undergoing his studies at the Royal Engineer establishment. On leaving the dockyard his Royal Highness proceeded to the Royal Engineer establishment, Brompton barracks, where he took luncheon with Major-General J. L. A. Simmons, Major-General F. Murray, and other officers. In the afternoon the Prince proceeded to Chatham lines to witness the annual match of cricket between the officers of the Royal Engineers and those of the three battalions of garrison infantry, after which his Royal Highness left Chatham by train for London.

On Monday evening, at half-past six o'clock, the Queen, with their Royal Highnesses Princesses Louise and Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, attended by Lieut.-General the Hon. C. Grey, Colonel Ponsonby, the Duchess of Athole, the Hon. Mrs. Ponsonby, and the Hon. Miss Cathcart, left Windsor Castle for Balmoral. Her Majesty quitted the Windsor Station at 6.40 p.m. precisely. The first portion of the route of the Royal train was over the Great Western narrow gauge. Reading was reached at 7.14 p.m., and Oxford 7.57 p.m., when the special stayed till 8.2 p.m., and then proceeded. Twenty minutes' stay was allotted at Leamington, where the train arrived at 9.8 p.m., and left again at 9.28 p.m. The journey next via Birmingham at 10.9 p.m., and Bilston 10.27 p.m., to the Bushbury Junction with the London and North-

Western line, which the Queen reached at 10.40 p.m., and left, after the engines had been changed, at 10.45 p.m. Upon the North-Western system short stays were made at 12.42 on Tuesday morning at Spring-bridge Junction, 200½ miles, at 2.22 a.m. at Kendal Junction; and at 3.57 a.m. at Carlisle—307 miles. From Carlisle the Queen proceeded along the Caledonian line, reaching Summit at 5.22 a.m., Greenhill, 7.3 a.m., and Perth, 4.55 miles, at 8.20. Her Majesty and Royal Family breakfasted at Perth, for which purpose exactly an hour was allowed. Leaving the "fair city of Perth" at 9.20 a.m. the Bridge of Dun was made at 10.36 a.m., and Aberdeen, 5.48 miles, at 11.51 a.m. The remainder of the railway journey is over the Despatch Railway, by way of Culter, Crathie, Torphann, and Aboyne, to Balmoral, where the Royal train arrived at 1.25 on Tuesday afternoon, after a run of 591½ miles. On leaving the special train the Queen posted by road to Balmoral.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

VICTORIA has once more declined to appear before her subjects as a Queen, wisely relinquishing what we may call a policy of seclusion. It is the more gratifying when we reflect that Her Most Gracious Majesty's appearance amongst us was upon an errand of mercy. The governors of St. Thomas's Hospital are building a commodious and palatial abode for the sick. Her Majesty was the most fitting person to lay the foundation-stone. Being applied to, she at once gave her consent, and the magnificent ceremony of last week was the result. It is no exaggeration to say that the Queen's progress was a triumphal one. Vast crowds of people lined the road, and cheered vociferously, which proves conclusively that the Queen has lost none of her popularity during the long years that she has obtained from taking a prominent part in public affairs. In our opinion veneration and respect for the dead are best shown by an endeavour to imitate the example and obey the precepts of the departed. The late Prince Consort was a thoroughly unselfish man, and spent a large portion of his time in thinking how he could ameliorate the condition of his fellow men. Any design which had for its object the elevation of the comforting of poor humanity was sure to find a ready friend in Prince Albert. His philanthropy and common sense were his distinguishing characteristics. It is admitted now on all hands that in losing him the country at large lost a trusty counsellor and a good friend. No one knows better than Her Majesty how large a comprehension was Albert's love of doing good. He was essentially the interpreter of practical Christianity. Victoria's reign will be for ever remarkable for many events of a distinguishing and stirring nature, but we will venture to say that she will live in the affections of the people and be spoken of in the future as a Queen who thoroughly sympathised with everything natural, homely, and good. An excessive indulgence in grief is bad, and to be spoken of in harsh terms; it neither benefits the living or the dead, and we sincerely hope that Her Majesty will now actively assume the reins of power, and make her court what it used to be, and what it always ought to be, the most brilliant and distinguished in Europe. Brilliant because of the many great and historical names attached to the foot of the throne, and distinguished for piety, virtue and prosperity, unequalled in modern history.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

MICHAEL BARRETT has been respited a further seven days, in order to allow further time to complete the pending inquiries. LIEUT.-COLONEL LORD MONSON and Lieut. Hon. Evelyn Anderson Pelham have left London to join the Royal North Lincoln Regiment of Militia, assembled at Lincoln for twenty-seven days' training and exercise.

The adjourned inquest on the body of Maria Strickland, the little girl who was recently murdered by her father near Hayle, Cornwall, was held on Friday. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against John Strickland, and a warrant was made out for his committal to the next assizes.

The five men who were arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the murder of Mr. Featherstonhaugh, were brought up on Wednesday on remand before Captain Talbot, R.N., and John Julian, Esq., Crown solicitor. There being not sufficient evidence as to their complicity with the murder they were discharged.

It is in contemplation to discontinue the issue to the troops of fuel in kind, and to substitute a money allowance to each corps. An officer is to be appointed in each regiment as treasurer, under the supervision of the commanding officer, of the funds thus allowed, whose duty it will be to make contracts for the supply of fuel, and also to superintend the canteen stores. Additional pay will be granted to the officers filling this office. Many advantages are expected from the new system, particularly, we opine, to the chief regimental authorities.

The refreshment department of the Great Eastern system of railway communication was transferred on Saturday to the charge of Messrs. Spiers and Pond, to whom the directors have judiciously given the contract. We understand that Messrs. Spiers, and Pond commence operations by changing the character of the Shoreditch refreshment station, a change which they propose to effect immediately, so as to assimilate it to their well-known station at Ludgate. Their conversion of the Cambridge, Norfolk, Ipswich, Ely, Lynn, and Colchester Stations into pleasant stopping places will follow as a matter of course. We are informed that they intend to expend the sum of £10,000 in improving the refreshment rooms and buffets throughout the eastern counties.

THE EXHIBITION AT LEEDS.—VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

LEEDS did not go to bed on Monday night, its heart was too full. Some of the inhabitants rested but until dawn; the streets were full of voices and the houses of music; while, after it, other throngs replaced the late revellers and loiterers who had retired. The town had now, in wonderfully short time, been transformed into a gala scene. It was dressed as though for a wedding. The irregular, parti-coloured faces of the old buildings, and the sculptured and balconied fronts of the new, beamed with a hundred colours; the banks were in holiday attire—the hotels radiant, the shops smothered in a glory of scarlet baize, Prince of Wales's plumes, in all materials from glass to paper; transparencies bearing his motto, or the customary loyal inscriptions, and bunting upon a gigantic scale. All along the line was a moving mass of brightness; and in the near neighbourhood of the Exhibition edifice—a locality affording abundant space for display, being high, open, and encircled by handsome buildings—the preparations had been magnificent, and the way round the lofty rectangular pile of the Town Hall, with its splendid ranges of pillars and crowning cupola, to the New Infirmary, appeared like a path for a conqueror. Tall Venetian masts of green and gold, tipped with rich Royal crowns, stood at the gates, and all round, and thickly interspersed upon the many-roofed structures were joy flags in every tint.

The Prince was punctual on Monday, reaching Woodlesford at five. There had been no great zeal for decoration at the station, but Messrs. Bentley, the brewers of that vicinity, had erected a pretty triumphal arch. A salute was fired on the arrival of the Royal train, and the spectators took off their hats or waved their handkerchiefs, but there was no cheering until the carriage was driven out into the road, and his Royal Highness was recognised seated by Earl Fitzwilliam, and faced by Mr. Meynell Ingram, seated by whom was Earl Grosvenor. Then, as the gallant Yorkshire Yeomanry Hussars—the Prince's own—wheeled into order as an escort, the tune was taken up heartily, and the people rushed after the Royal equipage down a roadway chiselled through the solid rock, and flowering all along its banks with golden blooms, to every shrub of which hung, tenaciously yet perilously, a loyal sightseer. Then through patches of graceful woodland, along a bowery lane, in which the gaudy arch of welcome glittered obstructively by sweeps of festooned trees, and under a railway span which had been made incredibly beautiful, and on among the mansions of substantial Yorkshire baronets and squires, where every hedgebank and bridge was sprinkled with eager sightseers, and the timber even loaded with them—and so, under other arches, enriched with all the blossoms of the season, in contrast with one tall and solemn trophy of fir branches up the great avenue of Temple Newsam to the superb gateway, at which were assembled a goodly company of the fashionable class to greet the Heir Apparent.

The Mayor and the Corporation met in the Council Room at ten o'clock a.m., and entered the hall through the Town Clerk's office. After robing, they left the hall at eleven o'clock, and proceeded in carriages provided for the purpose to the triumphal arch in York-road, where they awaited the arrival of his Royal Highness.

A few minutes after four, Mr. Hall created some real excitement by calling his battalion of performers to attention. Instantly they were on the alert, and a tremble ran through all the instruments; but nothing came of it. Fifteen minutes later there was an influx of robed dignities into one of the corridors running parallel with the central hall, and lighted from it, though we fear insufficiently, because they are hung with the semblance on canvas—by famous painters, too—of famous men, signalled here as "the worthies of Yorkshire." Irreverent people, at the sting of disappointment, murmured "It's only the corporation"; but they should have remembered that it contained the mayors of eighteen towns, including those of London and York. Presently, this procession, reversing its position, began to descend, round a corner, through the great western door, richly draped with red, into the hall, the leading column filing up to right and left, until the Prince of Wales, advancing alone, followed closely, however, by his suite, mounted the dais, and stood in front of the chair. There was now a burst of cheering, again and again renewed, though not tumultuous, for the company was not merely confined to five guinea season ticket holders, but each individual admitted had been furnished with a special ticket to witness the ceremony. The band then struck up "God save the Queen," the Prince—who was in plain morning dress with Ribbon of the Garter, though the members of his suite wore uniforms—standing, as did all present, and still continuing standing while Miss Helena Waller sang the solo. The address from the Mayor and Corporation of Leeds was then presented. The Prince on his return had to get through two or three miles of narrow crowded streets, full of clamour and shouting, and, notwithstanding all efforts to the contrary, of obstruction. He played his part, however, with the utmost courtesy, and in obvious good humour, and has produced upon the popular mind in Leeds a most happy impression. Upon the whole, the affair, so far as externals are concerned, has been an unequivocal success.

METROPOLITAN.

At about three o'clock on Sunday morning, a fire broke out in a private house in Penton-place, Pentonville-hill, the residence of Mr. Bell. With some difficulty the inmates were rescued from their perilous position. The house was completely gutted, in spite of the volumes of water poured on to the flames. The cause of the fire is unknown.—Three other fires broke out in different parts of the metropolis about the same time, but they were all extinguished without much difficulty.

A SCANDALOUS divorce case occupied the attention of Sir James Wilde and a special jury during the greater part of last week. A Mrs. Whittle petitioned for a dissolution of her marriage on the ground of the adultery and cruelty of her husband, a clergyman in Dorset and Berks; and the jury on Saturday returned a verdict against the defendant for adultery, but not for cruelty. The judge announced that this result entitled the plaintiff to a judicial separation, but not to a dissolution of marriage; and that on a proper application on the part of the lady he was ready to pronounce the former.

A VERY important deputation of gentlemen connected with educational establishments, and with the work of instruction, waited, on Saturday, on the Duke of Marlborough. The memorial, read by Mr. W. Lawson, of St. Mark's College, was an extremely well-written document, which pointed out many points in which the proposed new Education Bill would be unsatisfactory, and expressed regret that so much of the objectionable parts of the Revised Code should be embodied in the measure. The deputation was introduced by Mr. Edwin Chadwick, C.B., and the Rev. J. G. Cromwell, and numerous other gentlemen directly connected with educational movements, addressed the Minister. The Duke of Marlborough replied that the views of the deputation should be well considered, and that it had already been decided to modify some clauses of the bill.

The annual meeting of the directors and friends of the Sailors' Home and Destitute Sailors' Asylum, Well street, London Docks, took on Thursday in the fine new dormitory of the "home." Admiral Bowles presided, and was supported by Admiral Hamilton, Admiral Saurin, Admiral Barnett, Captain the Hon. F. Maude, R.N., and many others. Captain Webb, R.N., the secretary, read the report which spoke of the progress which the institution continued to make. During the last year 11,037 seamen had boarded in the home, and although there was a decrease as compared with the number of boarders in the previous year it might be fairly attributed to the depression of commercial enterprise. In the course of the past year £90,135 of the sailors' money had passed through the hands of the cashier, £33,038 had been remitted by the sailors either for their own use or that of their relatives, and £4,434 invested in the savings bank. The directors expressed their gratitude for the employment of a person to prevent improper persons boarding homeward bound ships, and with a view to suppress crimping, and protecting seamen, the directors had arranged to allow a limited number of outfitters to exhibit goods in the entrance hall. The report also notices the efforts of the Board of Trade to protect the seamen. There had been a reduction in the expenditure, and the directors expressed their acknowledgments to friends for the success which had attended the establishment. The report of the Destitute Sailors' Asylum also detailed the relief which that institution had rendered. Several gentlemen having addressed the meeting, the report having been adopted and the various officers re-elected, the proceedings closed.

On Friday, shortly after the arrival of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales at the State Ball given by command of the Queen in Buckingham Palace, an alarming occurrence took place. One of the great windows on the north-east corner of the ball-room was illuminated by means of gas, and whilst the company was still arriving and the State ball was just about to commence, a noise of the cracking of glass was heard, and it was soon seen that the heat of the gas had fractured the glass, which commenced to fall on the floor. The noise, as well as the burning of the woodwork of the window which had caught fire, caused much alarm, but the contractor and his men were in attendance, and they at once ran to the main and turned off the gas, the band striking up at the moment Arab's quadrille "La Grande Duchesse." The populace outside saw the whole of the occurrence, and fearing that the palace would be destroyed they sent off for the engines, which in a very few minutes arrived at the entrance to the palace. The services of the firemen were not, however, required, as all further danger was over. Captain Shaw describes the damage done as follows:—"A wood-frame of the illuminated window damaged by fire, and glass broken in the north-east corner of the ball-room; cause of fire, heat from gas."

The Sunday bands in the Victoria and Battersea Parks opened the season on Sunday with fine weather and immense audiences. The music and the whole arrangements gave great satisfaction. Addresses to the public were issued with the programmes, in which the courtesy and consideration of Her Majesty's Chief Commissioner of Works, Lord John Manners, in carrying out the request for a new platform in Battersea-park, was acknowledged. On this the first performance took place on Sunday, and its great superiority in appearance and acoustic properties elicited general remark. A feature of the programme at Victoria-park was the Dead March in Saul, given as a mark of respect to the memory of Lord Brougham. In Battersea a financial statement of the season 1867 was given, showing that seating for 400 persons was paid for out of the pence taken, and additional seating for 400 was on Sunday furnished to the greatly-enlarged enclosure.

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS.

THERE is now blooming in the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's-park, one of those curious plants so seldom seen in flower in this country, or even in Europe, although common weeds by the wayside in their native country, Mexico. This class of plants, from the rarity of their flowering, are popularly known as the "Aloes, which flower only once in a century." The fact is, that they only bloom once in their lifetime, the act of flowering terminating their individual existence, and it appears that this final act is advanced or retarded according to the circumstances of warmth and moisture under which the plant may have grown. The common American aloe *Agave Americana*, the father of this large tribe of plants, although flowering in Mexico and other tropical countries at the age of ten to fifteen years seldom attains maturity, when starved in tubs and pots in England before 80 or 100 years; and as in general plants have to pass through many vicissitudes before attaining such an age, their blooming is very rare; three examples have, however, at various times flowered in the Botanic Gardens at ages of 85 to 90 years. The plant now in flower is the *Fourcroya longica*, it is much more graceful both in flower and leaf than the agave—it was raised from seed received from Mexico, where it is said to produce flower spikes above 40 feet in length, it is now about 28 years old, and is most probably the second individual flowered in Europe—the first, a fellow specimen, having bloomed in the Gardens in 1864. The flower stem shot up from the crown of "pineapple"-like leaves a few months back in form exactly resembling a huge head of asparagus. At first it grew very rapidly, and is now about fifteen feet high; the main stem is studded with drooping branches bearing stellate flowers of a delicate yellow and white colour. The late warm weather has caused them to expand very rapidly, but, as its name implies, most likely the plant will continue some time in flower, and thus enable many lovers of the curious to see so remarkable a plant. The gardens are particularly gay at the present moment with red and white thorns and other flowering trees and shrubs, and a large variety of fancy tulips.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

HER Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Marie Feodorowna (née Princess Dagmar) gave birth to a prince. The name of the young prince is to be Nicholas.

THE new Governor-General of Wilna has put an end to the state of siege which has existed since 1863 in the Government districts of Mihilow, Wilebsk, and Minsk.

A TORNADO visited Shanghai, Illinois, on Sunday, the 3rd inst., 14 houses were blown down, several others unroofed, four persons were killed and 40 injured.

GEORGE TOPLEY, a celebrated English pedestrian, undertook to walk 50 miles in 10 hours on the Fashion Course, New York. On the 43rd mile he fainted, and so lost his wager—500 dollars.

A TREATY of amity and commerce between the King of Sweden and Norway and the Supreme King of Siam was signed on Monday at the Swedish Legation, by their respective plenipotentiaries, Baron Hochschild and Sir John Bowring.

THE termination of the war in Paraguay cannot be far off, though Lopez is determined to fight to the last extremity. The Brazilians, when the last news left, were bombarding the fortress of Humaita, which was to be followed up by an assault.

A PARIS correspondent of a daily contemporary says:—"A considerable sensation has been caused by the virtual acquittal of President Johnson. But, as usual, our French friends contrive to put their foot in it." You will hardly believe it, but M. Emile de Girardin actually imagines that, instead of the breakdown of the prosecution by one vote, the President was acquitted by 35 votes to 19. He caps this startling announcement in his own characteristic way—"Vive la liberté! Gloire aux États Unis!"

COMMUNICATIONS from Vienna are unanimous in qualifying as a calumny the insinuations of some of the Radical journals there that the recent indisposition of Baron de Beust was to be attributed to an attempt at poisoning, and the responsibility of which they endeavoured to throw on the Clerical party. The medical men never saw anything to lead to the idea of poison. Therefore, the statement that a judicial inquiry would take place is utterly untrue. The Baron, besides, only kept his bed for two days, and is now completely recovered, and has resumed his ordinary habits and labours.

THE weather in Paris has grown fearfully hot, to the great discomfort of hyperboreans. The glass on Monday went up to 80 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. The heat is tempered by rather a keen easterly breeze, and the consequence is that there is an unusual amount of sickness. The doctors are also beginning to talk of a new disease—the "Hausmannite." Owing to the extensive demolitions minute particles of plaster float in the air, and find their way into the bronchial tubes of M. Hausmann's subjects—a form of summer catarrh which occasions great suffering and a most distressing cough.

THE Bombay Gazette publishes the following authentic intelligence:—"A great battle has been fought at Girisk, Afghanistan, between Mahomet Jakoub Khan, the Governor of Herat, and the reigning Amir Azim Khan, in which the former was completely victorious, capturing Kandahar, and taking prisoner the Amir's brother. Jakoub Khan proclaimed his father, Shere Ali Khan, ruler of Afghanistan, thus making the second Amir of Afghanistan acknowledged by the Government. The English troops were severely defeated in a recent engagement with the Bezzotees, leaving their dead in the hands of the enemy."

SHORT DRESSES.

OUR readers doubtless perused with much interest the account given in our columns last week of the ball of the Countess Pourtales, which had for its special object the inauguration of short skirts even in the ball room.

At last it seems that fashion has made a step in the direction of common sense. When constant alterations are taking place in dress, and the *modistes*, or whoever the people may be that invent the new fashions of dresses, are driven to their wits' end for novelty, some new things must occasionally turn up which are not contrary to the dictates of reason. We seem to be approaching such a phase of things at the present moment. After a time when almost all women wore their skirts indefinitely expanded, the superfluous width has been disposed of; and, after a period when skirts trailed over all the dirt of the pavements, they are now ordered to be a length consistent with cleanliness. We can only hope that there will not be a rush into the opposite extreme from that which has so recently ruled the mode, and that a too liberal display of feet and petticoat may not follow the state of things which might well have co-existed with, hardly the absence, but with the utter unrepresentability, of both feet and under garments.

We hear it said that the proposed new fashion is not likely to become popular, for the reason that many women have not got pretty feet; and that their vanity will forbid their exhibiting large and flat feet, even though it is the fashion to do so.

Now, granting that short skirts will allow the foot to appear, it by no means follows that too liberal a display is to be made of them. The poet who enumerated the charming feet as among the attractions of his lady-love, spoke of them as "little mice, which peeped in and out," not as permanent exhibitions. Besides, we do not believe in the least that the majority of women have ugly feet. If it be so, who are the wearers of the charming little *chaussures* that are to be seen any day in the windows of the bootmakers? They cannot all be made for show. Again, short skirts have been in fashion before, and there was no lack of well-formed feet among the mothers and grandmothers of the present generation. Why should their descendants be more degenerate in this matter than they?

Floating dresses look well when there are spacious rooms in which to exhibit them. They are courtly and graceful, queenly it is said in origin, and regal in their grand sweep. But then the sweep is not intended to be one literally on the pavement; and great halls and saloons fall to the lot of but very few women for the display of their superfluous yards of silk, satin, and velvet. In small rooms these skirts are terribly in the way. They cause accidents which are ludicrous, when they are not serious. It is not an elegant position which Jones and his Belinda suddenly find themselves in, when he accidentally sets foot on her train, and she is arrested in her stately walk, while he is ungracefully jerked forwards. Short skirts will remedy all that; and what is more serious and important, they will render impossible such accidents as that which befel the poor man who was killed the other day from the effects of a fall resulting from stepping on a lady's dress.

Short skirts for outdoor wear are really a necessity for all persons of cleanly habits. This has always been evidenced by the trouble taken to hold up the drapery, and by the numerous inventions of cords, springs, and "pages" which have been in vogue for so long—none of which, by the way, ever work in an entirely satisfactory manner. But the dress, short enough to escape contact with mud and dust, will leave the hands free, and will avoid all accidents of sudden dropping when the giving way of a cord is most inconvenient. The short skirts will probably follow in the drawing-room and in the ball-room, in the latter of which places the long skirts are always ludicrously and uncomfortably in the way. Trains were never intended to follow the evolutions of the "mazy dance"; and they drag after their wearers in a manner by no means suggestive of grace or dignity. They need the stately promenade for their full display, and do not lend themselves well to the rapid dances which are affected by frequenters of ball-rooms.

Altogether, we are glad that skirts of reasonable length are in fashion for the present; and we wish to profit by them while we may.—Queen.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE DERBY.

TURN which way you may everything proves significantly that the Derby is at hand, and the market movements of the "cracks" in the trying Bath waters were watched with feverish excitement and anxiety. Since the dethronement of King Tom in 1864 backers of favourites have anticipated the ordeal with dread and alarm, and from the peculiar and certainly unenviable position in which the owner of Lady Elizabeth is now placed the Queen of Danbury's progress will create even more than usual interest. If we are to judge, however, from the persistent advocacy of her cause by some of the cleverest tacticians she ought to sit firmly on her throne until the flag falls, as she has triumphantly worn down the heavy opposition, and on Saturday 1,000 to 350 was accepted in one quarter, the shortest price as yet taken. Now that the Marquis of Hastings's pecuniary embarrassments with the ring have become common turf talk I am not overstepping the bounds of delicacy in mentioning the unpleasant state of affairs which will prevent the starting of The Earl, as the prospects of an amicable settlement seem too remote to be realised. Despite the every-day assertions that the Newmarket Biennial winner is 12lb. inferior to Lady Elizabeth, he would be quoted at 10 to 1 or under if in other hands—a proof of which was supplied on Saturday, when "six monkeys" were taken about Blue Gown with a run. In fact the open demonstration in favour of the latter inspired the admirers of Rosicrucian with a slight uneasiness, which was, perhaps, increased by the advance of Green Sleeve from the "knocked out" division, albeit I cannot believe in her Epsom chance, and would certainly prefer Rosicrucian fit or unfit. The report that Sir Joseph Hawley's team were tried last week had no foundation, and it is now whispered that the hardness of the ground may prevent Porter from winding Rosicrucian up to the concert pitch; but yet he ran an undeniably good horse three weeks since, so I cannot think there is much cause for complaint on that score. In all probability the "three cherries" will be put through the mill in the course of the present week, and should Wells saddle Blue Gown on the all eventful day he is sure to start at about 4 to 1, as the "getting out" of the many who have laid a bit extra would bring him to a much shorter price than even his private or public merits entitled him. Although the learned began to talk about Speculum's legs in the Two Thousand week, Matthew Dawson is sending him along daily at "head-quarters," while Pace and Harvester are enjoying quiet repose at Clumber, and the strapping Tom Bowline colt finds considerable favour with the Newmarket people, as he is making wonderful improvement, accompanied in his work by the four-year-old son of Miss Sarah. The recent running of Beauty, Strathconan, and Mariner tends to damage the reputation of Paul Jones, who, however, does not suffer in consequence, and his party are still bristling with confidence, Fordham being spoken of as his likely pilot. In my mind, however, I entertain little doubt that the popular jockey will don the Lady Elizabeth colours; but the honest buccannier is certain to have the services of a good artist, and if St. Ronan is an absentee Custance, who has already won two Derbys on Thornaby and Lord Lyon, might steer Paul Jones. Judging from the powerful party behind Orion, it is even good business to back him for edging purposes alone, and his party think him certain to beat Paul on their spring trial, for proof of which an even seven thousand was backed between the pair at Salisbury. Outsiders are mentioned in abundance, and the latest comer is Tympanum, a colt by Kettledrum out of Goldfinch, who will be pulled out in the Biennial at Bath, and if Speculum is in the field Mr. Cartwright's representative must, indeed, look to his laurels. Mercury and Betrayal are likely to represent the north, and neither promises to tread in the footsteps of Ellington and Blair Athol; in fact the Derby is reduced to a narrow limit on paper, although a second Daniel may come to judgment and upset the nicest calculation.—A. SNODGRASS.

BATH NOTES.

RACING on Landsdown maintained its character for surprises the Three-Year-Old Biennial Stakes keeping up its fatality for the overthrow of favourites by the unexpected defeat of Speculum, who was really cleverly beaten by Grimsome, a colt who ran Lady Elizabeth to a head for the Weston Stakes at this meeting twelve months ago, and subsequently, the day after the Derby, ran the Danbury favourite a dead heat for the Epsom Two-Year-Old Stakes. The performance of Mr. Eryc's colt was a startling one, inasmuch as the son of St. Alban's and Theodora was recently at Newmarket beaten "out of sight" by Vale Royal, who had but two days previously made an ignominious exhibition in the Two Thousand. As a matter of course Speculum's defeat made him a worse favourite for the Derby, and it was really astonishing that longer odds were not offered than 15 to 1, inasmuch as if this performance is any index to his present form it is 1,000 to 1 against his winning the Derby.

DERBY BETTING.

2 to 1 agst		1 agst		Lady Elizabeth (offered; 9 to 4 wanted).	
7	—	1	—	Blue Gown (taken).	
8	—	1	—	Rosicrucian (offered).	
10	—	1	—	Orion (taken, after 9 to 1 had been booked).	
11	—	1	—	Paul Jones (taken).	
1500	—	100	—	Speculum (taken).	
20	—	1	—	Suffolk (taken).	
25	—	1	—	Tom Bowline C (taken, after 1000 to 30 had been laid).	
25	—	1	—	Uncas (taken).	
33	—	1	—	The Earl (taken).	
50	—	1	—	Pace (taken).	
1000	—	15	—	St. Ronan (taken; 10 to 1, 2, 3, taken).	
1000	—	15	—	The Forest King (taken).	
1000	—	10	—	Restitution (offered).	
1000	—	10	—	Viscount (taken).	
1000	—	10	—	Tympanum (offered).	
1000	—	10	—	Typhoeus (offered).	
100	—	1	—	See Saw (offered).	
110	—	1	—	Mercury (taken and offered).	
1000	—	8	—	Betrayal (offered).	
1000	—	8	—	Banditto (offered).	
1000	—	8	—	Rabian (offered).	
1000	—	6	—	Harvester (taken).	
1000	—	3	—	Geant des Batailles (offered).	
1000	—	500	—	Blue Gown v. Speculum (taken).	
1000	—	80	—	Duke of Newcastle's lot (taken).	
3	—	1	—	Sir J. Hawley's lot (taken).	
500	—	even	—	Blue Gown v. Rosicrucian (taken).	
500	—	even	—	Blue Gown v. Paul Jones best of 1, 2, 3.	
1000	—	500	—	agst Lady Elizabeth, with a start (taken).	

EXTRAORDINARY PASSAGE IN AN OPEN BOAT.—On the 7th instant, Mr. William Salter, with only one man, sailed from Cowes, Isle of Wight, for Baltimore harbour in a small open pleasure boat, purchased there by Sir H. W. Beecher, Bart. Great uneasiness and anxiety were felt by the friends of these daring men, who ventured such a distant and dangerous passage in so small a craft; but we are glad to learn that their friends were relieved of their anxiety by getting a letter on Friday from Mr. Salter, stating that he put into Youghal through stress of weather, and praising the seaworthiness of his little boat. It appears that they went through very heavy weather and high seas. They are hourly expected here, where they will be warmly welcomed.—West Cork Eagle.

CAUGHT IN A SQUALL—RECVLVERS IN THE DISTANCE.

THE above is the title of the large engraving which we give on page 344. The Reculvers owe their origin to Frances St. Clare, Lady Abbess of the Benedictine nuns at Faversham. They are situated in Kent, on the shore of the winding estuary of the Thames. The Lady Abbess and her sister, in pursuance of a vow, were proceeding to the shrine of the Virgin at Broadstairs, when they were driven by a storm on a sandbank, near Reculvers. The Lady Abbess and some of the crew and her attendants escaped on shore. Her sister Isabel remained till a boat put off to her rescue. She suffered so much from cold and exposure that she died the next day. To perpetuate her memory and to warn mari-

OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS.—ROGATION WEEK.

We this week give one of Kenny Meadows's quaint and clever illustrations of old English customs in "Rogation week." Rogation Sunday is the fifth Sunday after Easter, and the name is derived from the Latin *rogare*, to beseech. The rogations and processions or singing of litanies along the streets during the week were practised in England till the Reformation. In 1554 the priests of Queen Mary's chapel made public processions. "All the three days there went her chapel about the fields, the first day to St. Giles's, and there rung mass; the next day being Tuesday, to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and there a sermon was preached to and mass sung, and the company drank there; the third day to Westminster, where a sermon was made, and then mass and good

VIEW OF DIEPPE.

DIEPPE is situate on the French coast, nearly opposite Beachy Head, from which it is distant sixty-seven miles. The town is well built, and the streets broad. Its port, enclosed by two jetties and surrounded by quays, is capable of accommodating a large number of vessels. The town is protected by an old castle on the cliff and some batteries. The steamers in connection with the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway make Dieppe the direct route to Paris from Newhaven.

ATTEMPT TO UPSET A RAILWAY TRAIN.

SOME time during Thursday night an attempt was made to upset a passenger train on the Tenbury and Bewdley Railway,



OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS—ROGATION SUNDAY.—(DRAWN BY KENNY MEADOWS)

ners of the dangers of this coast the Abbess caused the two towers of the church to be erected, and directed that they should be called "The Sisters."

WALKER'S HALF-GUINEA HATS, equal in appearance and durability to those generally sold at 14s. 6d. each at the usual retail houses.—WALKER, Hatter, 49, Crawford-street, Marylebone. —[ADVT]

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMMONS'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers. —[ADVT]

cheer made; and after about the park, and so to St. James's Court." The Queen, with heralds, banners, and music afterwards joined in the procession.

THE Senate Court at Washington, on Saturday, acquitted the President of the charges laid against him in the last of the impeachment articles. This was the eleventh article, which was voted on first, apparently as a test vote on the whole proceedings. The numbers for conviction were 35, and against conviction 19. As a two-thirds vote was necessary to pass the article, the charge accordingly failed. The Senate Court then adjourned till the 23rd inst., without voting on the other articles.

near its junction with the Shrewsbury and Hereford line. A man passing by the line early on Friday morning noticed a lorry placed across the metals over which the train due at Tenbury at 7.30 a.m. would shortly pass. A few yards further on he found a lever lying across the rails, and about 250 yards from this, at a point where there is a sharp curve in the line, he found two large stones. The whole of the obstructions were cleared away before the passage of the train. Up to the present time the police and the railway authorities have failed to obtain any reliable clue to the identity of the person or persons implicated.

THE annual regimental dinner of the Grenadier Guards takes place on the 2nd of June, at Willis's Rooms.

THE NEW DOG TAX.

THE new Dog Tax is thus adverted to by the *Edinburgh Courant*:—"The tax upon sheep-dogs appears to be disapproved by the agricultural interest as being hard upon shepherds, each of whom has to keep two—one to drive the sheep afield, and the other to bring them home. The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied last week to Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Mr. Liddell, and Mr. M'Laren, who remonstrated with him on the onerous nature of the tax, that shepherds are but servants, that although it may be hard to require them to pay a tax of 5s. apiece for their dogs, there is nothing unreasonable in requiring that their employers shall pay it, and that if sheep-dogs are exempted from taxation, the result will be that every dog will be registered as a sheep-dog."—Surely, however, this cannot be an accurate representation of the "agricultural interest" in Scotland, where everybody is wide-awake as regards profit and loss in matters of farming. The dog-tax has given much satisfaction in Ireland, where the Act was suggested by the canine depredations committed on flocks by ownerless curs; and in England and Wales an equally favourable effect has been produced, for our large towns and villages have been cleared of the vagabondish mongrels which never did any good, and were likely to stray away at any time and be starved into mischief. So many of these useless brutes have been "taken into custody" and condemned by the police of the metropolis, under the powers given by the Act, that a man at Hornsey established a copper, and has done a good stroke of business in boiling them down for their hair, fat, and bones. The proportion of dogs to people was undoubtedly greater in rural districts than in the metropolis. The Act is therefore a greater boon to farmers than it has proved to be in towns,

GRAIN EATING VERMIN.

GRAIN-EATING vermin are receiving special attention just now in France. The lively (when not political) Parisian *Moniteur* has reckoned there are upwards of two thousand millions of rats and mice in France. The way in which this conclusion was arrived at is not given, but it is fairly supposed that each little quadruped destroys the value of one centime annually, and as this would amount to twenty millions francs annually, it is truly declared to be most desirable to find some means of destroying this vermin in large numbers as expeditiously as possible. Squills are found to be the sovereign remedy. Nux-vomica, arsenic, phosphorus, and traps," it is said, "have been successively tried, but with no very decided success, and certainly not equal to the rate of increase of these prolific creatures. Recent experiments, however, show that the squills (*Scilla maritima*), the bulbous root of which is much used in medicine, is not only a powerful poison for rodents, but also one they are very fond of. The way of preparing it for the desired purpose is as follows: One of the bulbs is cut into slices, hashed and bruised, then done in the pan with fat, which is afterwards strained through a cloth and poured into broken plates and saucers to be placed in the cellars and other places infested with rats, mice, &c. To prevent dogs and poultry from eating of this poisonous compound in stables, pigeon-houses, or farm-yards, it may be put in a wooden box, about a foot and a-half long, and have a hole at each end. The rat gets in at one end and goes out at the other, after partaking of the noxious food, which soon kills it." As this would be in a convenient form for stacks, it is worth a trial in this country. In Algeria, it is added, squills cost nothing the country being absolutely over-run with the plant. On this

A REAL WORKING MAN'S QUESTION.

DURING the past few weeks a number of public meetings have been held in various parts of the metropolis, to protest against the rapid increase of local rates, and against the erection of needlessly expensive town-halls and poor-houses. But we have observed no special agitation for the repression of a wasteful extravagance, compared with which all other expenditure is trifling—the annually increasing expenditure on the army and navy. As a mere item of this wasteful outlay it may be mentioned that Parliament has just voted £416,000 for the annual estimate for further fortifications at Malta and Gibraltar. Any of our readers who have visited those places may have observed that they have already been piled with such a profusion of every imaginable species of defensive masonry that it would seem that the ingenuity of engineers must be taxed to the utmost to devise any plea for further outlay. But, whilst contractors' profits and secret percentages are carelessly passed unheeded by the easy British taxpayer, there will be no lack of alleged requirements for further "construction" and "defence." Even at home, our English rivers, as the Medway and the Tamar, are lined in places with rows of rotting or rusting gunboats, most of which never did a day's service, which have cost £50,000 each, and whose officers draw for their sinecure "duties" handsome salaries from the pocket of miraculously gullible John Bull. The working man will do well to turn their attention to these wholesale misappropriations of hard-earned British money. Here is, indeed, a field for the legitimate operation of trades' unions and reform leagues. A most profitable source of individual and national relief is to be found in the direction of agitation to resist th



SNARING RABBITS.

or a proportionate clearance has been made by villagers and roadside cottiers. It is raising a false issue therefore to say that a shepherd requires two dogs, for which he has now to pay 5s. each. This is a flockmaster's question. Ten shillings a year to decrease the risk of one's flock being worried. To grudge this trifle for such a cause is a clear case of looking after "siller" from the large end of the telescope. A stray cur would probably do as much mischief in ten minutes as this tax would impose in as many years. There may be wild districts in Scotland where dogs may be entrapped or shot without fear of detection; but where the flocks are, it is certainly preferable to have as few dogs as possible to entrap and shoot. Probably there is not a flock in Scotland where this tax will amount to 2d. per score per annum. Is this a high rate of assurance against risk? The increased peace of mind is worth the money."

MEDICAL STUDENTS.—On Wednesday, for the first time in England, a number of medical students dined with royalty. On that day the Prince of Wales, as President of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, took the chair at the "annual view dinner," in the great hall of the hospital. This was the first occasion of his doing so, and among the guests invited to meet his Royal Highness were the young prizemen of the past and present year. In honour of this first occasion, and in expectation that some of the names of the students who were present may be still more distinguished hereafter, we record them in alphabetical order:—W. Butcher, A. E. Cumberbatch, C. Davis, Alban Doran, T. Hendley, J. A. Smith, and W. Walsham.

Let not your hat spread a false report to your discredit: for of a truth, a shocking bad one tells tales—it bespeaks a small banking account and a purse at a very low ebb. Therefore our advice is this—GO TO THE WESTERN HAT COMPANY'S WAREHOUSE, 403, OXFORD-STREET, just three doors from the new entrance to the SOHO BAZAAR, and try one of their celebrated Paris-napped Hats, at a price that can scarcely be felt.—[ADVT.]

GREY or faded hair is restored to its original color and beauty and a luxuriant growth promoted by Mrs. S. A. Allen's improved and combined World's Hair Restorer and Dressing Six Shilling per bottle. Her Zylbalsamum for the young, Three Shillings European Depot, 268, High Holborn. Sold by all wholesale dealers, and retail by most chemists and perfumers.—[ADVT.]

ground it is proposed to form a powder of the bulbs for mixing with flour paste, in which form, when dried, it will keep, it is said, for years, and be convenient as an article of commerce for the destruction of vermin all over the world.

THE NOVEMBER METEORS.—In a report published by the Astronomical Observatory at Washington, interesting particulars are given of the November meteors of last year, as seen in the United States, and conclusions are drawn which, though speculative in some instances, are worth notice. The mean height of the meteors on their first appearance was seventy-five miles; at disappearance fifty-five miles. The thickness of the stream of meteor is estimated at 60,000 miles, and the breadth at ten times as much, and the number of meteors to the linear mile would be 40,000. As the stream moves twenty-seven miles in a second; it may be assumed that a million meteors pass in a second; and at a rough calculation the total number of meteors in the stream may be a hundred million millions. The rate at which they move excites them to a temperature of three million degrees Fahrenheit, which accounts for their intense brilliancy, and sudden disappearance by vaporisation. Professor Newcomb is of opinion that the entire mass of meteors may be estimated as equal to a mass of iron 400 feet in diameter; and he agrees with those observers in this country who regard comets as an agglomeration of meteors just dense enough to be visible in the solar rays. In all this there is much material for consideration, and abundant suggestion for future observation.

THE REPORTED MARRIAGE OF M^{lle}. PATTI.—Let us console the rising generation by bidding it read with unblanched cheek the notification of M^{lle}. Patti's marriage, published "by authority" in the *Figaro*. The bans have never been posted up at any mairie of Paris, and even a "marquis, duke, and a 'that' cannot dispense with this formality. Not only is M^{lle}. Patti not married, but the *belle celibataire* announced to her friends before her departure that she had no immediate intention of marrying. We have thus overcome our repugnance to obtrude into private affairs in a question of great public moment—one almost as interesting as the still more important one of short or long dresses, which has split up the realm of fashion into Guelphs and Ghibellines, Bianchi and Neri, Montagues and Capulets.—*Galignani*.

intolerable demands of the present huge jobbery of our military and naval systems.

REAL PROPERTY IN AMERICA.—The marvellous rise in real property in the metropolis of America is shown by the following from the *New York Times*:—"The South corner of Broadway and Bond-street has been valued within a lifetime at 10 dollars: it was sold once for 250 dollars, then offered for 500 dollars, then for 2,800 dollars, and in 1839 was again sold for 18,000 dollars. Recently the Willcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine Company offered 200,000 dollars for it, which being declined they have leased the premises for a long term, and are about to open the most magnificent sewing machine establishment in the world. During the past forty years the property has doubled in value every seven years. The whole of New York island was once sold for 10 dollars.

MATERIALS FOR PAPER.—Notwithstanding the multifarious efforts made to find materials for paper, the manufacturers of this article in the east of France are in such want of materials that they have combined to offer as a prize a medal of the value of £160 to any person who produces and applies any economical filamentous matter, which in the form of pulp may serve for the manufacture of paper, and which, when mixed with three-fourths of rags, shall make a paper of as fine a quality as if made of rag alone. Medals of considerable value will also be given for the best processes for decolorising and bleaching rags; for the best size for paper; for the best process for neutralising the electricity developed in the paper while it is in the machine; and for a complete and exhaustive statistical work on paper-manufacturing industry in the principal countries of Europe, and in America.

THE Earl and Countess of Carnarvon had a dinner party on Saturday evening in Grosvenor-street, when the Marquis of Lorne, M.P., the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P., the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, M.P., Mr. W. Beaumont, M.P., Hon. Auberon Herbert, and Sir Edwin Landseer, were among the company present. The Countess had a reception after dinner.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMMONS'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.—Italian Opera.—Fidelio. Half-past Eight.
LATMARKET.—The Ladies' Champion.—A Hero of Romance.—A Co-Operative Movement. Seven.
LYCERN.—Japanese Troupe Imperial. Eight.
OLYMPIC.—The Head of the Family.—Black Sheep.—Hit and Miss. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—FRENCH PLAYS.—La Famille Benoiton. Half-past Eight.
ADLPHI.—Go to Putney.—No Thoroughfare. Seven.
STRAND.—Slattery Service.—The Field of the Cloth of Gold.—Marriage at Any Price. Half-past Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Dead Shot.—Play.—A Silent Protector. Eight.
NEW QUEEN'S.—Mary Jones.—The Poor Nobleman.—Dearer than Life. Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—Daddy Gray.—The Merry Zingari.—The Clockmaker's Hat. Half-past Seven.
HOLBORN.—The Post Boy.—The White Fawn.—Honeydove's Troubles. Half-past Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Equestrianism, &c. Eight.
SURREY.—The Perilous Home.—Oliver Twist. Seven.
VICTORIA.—Wait till I'm a Man; or, The Playground and the Battle Field.—Oliver Twist.
STANDARD.—The Factory Girl.—Third Act of Othello.—Wright, You're Wrong.—Apollo. Half-past Six.
BRITANNIA.—The Dark Side of the Great Metropolis.—The Confederate's Daughter. Quarter before Seven.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
EGYPTIAN HALL.—Macabre's Entertainment, "Begone, Dull Care." Eight.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy's Minstrels. Eight.
EGYPTIAN HALL.—Gustave Doré's Great Paintings. Eleven till Six. The Hall is lighted with gas day and night.
GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment. Eight.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk, and from Seven till Ten.
ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.
NATIONAL ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HOLBORN.—Half-past Eight.
POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—Mr. Heller's Entertainment.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House; Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's Inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's Inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

MEDICAL.—In answer to numerous correspondents we beg to say that very few respectable surgeons advertise. For many years we have recommended our correspondents in all cases to consult Mr. Faulkner, surgeon, of 40, Endell-street, W.C., whose extensive practice has secured him a wide reputation, and we have never had occasion to regret having done so, his charges being moderate, and skill undeniable.

S. V. P.—Not at present.

OMEGA.—There is no opening.

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1868.

EMIGRATION v. STARVATION.

A few days ago a remarkable petition was presented to the Poplar Board of Guardians by a deputation of working men, introduced by two of the clergy of the Isle of Dogs. The petition was signed by upwards of five hundred men, all residing in Poplar, all out of employ, and the whole of them more or less in distressed circumstances. A large proportion were skilled mechanics, and in many instances there were large families dependent on the wages of the bread-winner. It may be fairly reckoned that more than 2,000 persons were directly interested in the result of this petition, the signatures to which were obtained in the short space of a day and a night. In length the petition was portentous; in purport it was mournful enough. It was an Ezekiel roll; a record of "lamentations, and mourning, and woe." Each signature was accompanied by particulars as to residence, trade, how long out of work, how long resident in the parish, and how many in family. Some of these men had been out of employ for twelve months, and others for still longer periods. Not a few had been resident ratepayers in the parish for a considerable series of years. The memorial prayed that the guardians would give their serious attention to the circumstances in which the petitioners were placed through the long absence of employment, and expressed a hope that the parish authorities would in some way assist the unemployed in getting work while the present favourable season lasted, and before the strength of the men gave way "through insufficient food." A preamble to the petition explained that it emanated from a meeting of the unemployed mechanics, held a few days ago at the Millwall Ironworks. The obvious purport

of the petition, made still clearer by the statements of the deputation, was that the guardians should enable the men and their families to emigrate; and it is well understood in Poplar that a family only has to get out to Canada in order to obtain a happy deliverance from the compulsory idleness and starvation which prevail so extensively in the east of London. To what a pitch this desire for emigration has risen among the people of Poplar can only be apprehended by those who have obtained some personal experience in the matter. It is stated that when the committee of the East-end Emigration Fund meet to receive applications from parties desirous of emigrating, the eagerness displayed by the people is surprising. Far more are present than the committee have any chance of sending out, and men and women are ready to go down on their knees, begging that they may be selected as the parties who shall be enabled to emigrate. They even promise to repay the cost of their passage, by remittances to be derived from their future earnings; and it is believed that in the majority of cases this offer is sincerely made, and would be religiously adhered to. The means at the disposal of the benevolent persons who form the East-end Emigration Committee being, as we have intimated, altogether inadequate to cope with the mass of unemployed labour which presents itself, the men have made their application to the guardians. We have now to note the answer which the petitioners received. The chairman of the board began by pleading the customary regulations in reference to the stoneyard and the oakumshed. How far discipline of this sort is suitable in such a case we may leave the public to decide. These men were not asking for relief, but for "help." They were seeking for "work," not for a labour-test, and were anxious to dispense with the pauper's loaf by earning honourable bread. Under such circumstances the allusion to stone-breaking and oakum-picking must have been rather galling. As for helping the men to go to the north, that could not be legally done at the expense of the parish. "Migration" from one part of the country to another cannot be promoted by boards of guardians. The remaining alternative was "emigration." For eight or ten thousand pounds Poplar might have got rid of the whole of the petitioners for ever. It is perfectly legal for the guardians to spend a certain large proportion of their funds in assisting persons in the receipt of parish relief to emigrate. But of course there are difficulties in the way, and, according to the manner of guardians, these difficulties are looked upon as insuperable. The board, said the chairman, were of opinion that emigration from their union was "highly desirable," yet the guardians "were not prepared to make any grant in aid of the project." This contradiction was justified by dragging forward the official scapegoat, the "poor ratepayer." Many of the ratepayers were declared to be only one step removed from pauperism, and the board did not feel warranted in calling upon this struggling class to bear additional burdens in order to help paupers to emigrate. In short, the chairman did not see that the board of guardians could do anything to help the petitioners, though he seemed to think the petitioners might help the guardians, if ever the latter should go to "the Chancellor of the Exchequer" with a request for an Imperial grant in aid of emigration. So the petitioners went away, taking their petition with them, to ruminate on their utterly forlorn condition, and on the melancholy fact that it costs 6*l.* or thereabouts to rescue a "statute adult" from starvation. No doubt, a fair use may be made of this incident in support of the principle that the poor rates ought to be equalised—at least over the entire metropolitan area. There is force in the argument that it is a hard thing to screw an extra rate out of a half-ruined shopkeeper in order that the artisan in the next street may be transferred from starvation to prosperity. But can we believe that the Poplar guardians are really in earnest in the matter at all? If they think that emigration is so "highly desirable," how is it that they take so little pains to promote it? They are thinking about asking "the Chancellor of the Exchequer" to do something for them. But have they no Chancellor of the Exchequer in their own parish? Are they so utterly barren in administrative resources as to see no way out of their difficulty? Is it altogether inconceivable that by drawing up a comprehensive scheme, and by voting as much as can be reasonably raised for the purpose, they might get a large amount of supplemental assistance elsewhere? No doubt, if somebody else will raise all the money and take all the trouble the guardians will be very well pleased. We will allow that their labours are heavy; and that their duties are onerous. But are they taking the right course to lessen their difficulties? The emigration season for Canada will soon pass away, and it may be feared that the next winter will sorely try the ability of the "poor ratepayer" to take part in maintaining the mass of the unemployed. Into the question of the trade unions we need scarcely enter now; but it is satisfactory to know that when the men were asked if they would work at 5*s.* 6*d.* a day they all replied in the affirmative. To keep the unemployed here is to adopt a penny wise and pound foolish policy. In emigration alone is the way out of the difficulty to be found.

LADY DOCTORS.—We are glad, say the *Athenaeum*, to record the success of another lady at Apothecaries' Hall. Mrs. Isabel Thorne, of Charles-street, Grosvenor-square, presented herself at the recent Arts examination at Apothecaries' Hall, in company with sixty-six gentlemen. Out of the sixty-seven candidates forty-seven passed. Mrs. Thorne came out among the first six, and her papers were so excellent that the usual *viva voce* examination was dispensed with. Last May Mrs. Thorne finished the curriculum at the Ladies' Medical College in Fitzroy-square by carrying off double first honours in the medical and obstetrical classes. She has since been practising with success.

THE ABYSSINIAN WAR.

THE BATTLE BEFORE MAGDALA.

At half-past five on the morning of Good Friday, says a correspondent, we were in motion, and at once entered upon the steep descent to the Bachelo. It is a ravine of about the same depth as the Djidda,—namely, 3,400 feet, and this road as made by Tena-din, is a wonderfully good one. It is shorter but at the same time hardly so precipitous as parts of that down to the Djidda, and can hardly have presented quite so many difficulties, that is there were fewer places where the assault had to be cut through with blasting tools. Still it was a fatiguing descent to the Bachelo, and the sun, when it rose, came down with tremendous power. The men had had but a scanty supply of water the night before, and hardly any before starting, they therefore looked forward eagerly for the welcome stream at the bottom. It turned out, however, a disappointment, for although there was an abundance of water, the river being eighty yards wide, and nearly waist deep, the water was of a consistency and colour which would have rendered it perfectly undrinkable except to men suffering from great thirst. I do not think I ever saw such muddy water in a stream. It was the colour of coffee with milk in it, and perfectly opaque with mud. It looked like nothing so much as the water in a dirty puddle in a London street, just as it has been churned up by the wheels of a passing omnibus. However, there was no help for it, and, dirty as it was, every one had a drink, and the soldiers filled their canteens, for it was probable that no more water would be obtainable during the day.

The Naval Rocket Brigade, which was in front of the baggage, emerged upon the flat below us and joined the Punjaubees, and almost at the same moment a dozen voices proclaimed, "A large force is coming down the road on the brow of the fortress." Every glass was turned there, and a large body of horse and foot men were seen hurrying down pell-mell, and without any order or regularity. At first there was a divided opinion as to whether this was a peaceful embassy or an attack; but all doubt was put an end to in another minute by the booming of a gun from Fahla, and by a thirty-two pound shot striking the ground at a few yards from the body of Punjaubees. It was war then, and a general burst of cheering broke from the officers who were clustered round the generals. Theodore actually meant to fight, and not only that, but to fight in the open. Still our position was a most serious one. The second brigade was miles behind, the baggage undefended except by the Punjaubees, and it was easy enough for the enemy to make a circuit down the ravine and to avoid them. Sir Robert Napier instantly dispatched an aide-de-camp to Major Chamberlain, commanding the Pioneers, to order him to take up a position on elevated ground to his left, where he could better protect the baggage, and to order the Naval Brigade to hurry up the valley to the commanding spur upon which we were standing. Aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp was sent back to bring up the infantry. It was a most exciting five minutes. The enemy were coming down with great rapidity; they had already come down the road from the fortress, and were scattered over the plain, the principal body moving towards the valley in which was our baggage, the rest advancing in scattered groups, while the guns upon Fahla kept up a steady fire upon the Punjaubees.

In another minute the line of skirmishers had breasted the slope and opened a tremendous fire with their Sniders upon the enemy. The latter, taken completely by surprise, paused, discharged their firearms, and then retreated, slowly and doggedly, but increasing in speed as they felt how hopeless was the struggle against antagonists who could pour in ten shots to their one. Indeed, at this point they were outnumbered even by the 4th alone, for they were in no regular order, but in groups and knots scattered over the whole plain. The 4th advanced rapidly, driving their antagonists before them, and followed by the native regiments. So fast was the advance that numbers of the enemy could not regain the road to the fortress, but were driven away to the right, off the plateau on to the side of a ravine, from which the rockets again drove them, still further to the right, and away from Magdala. The 4th and other regiments formed up at a few hundred yards from the foot of the ascent to the fortress, and for half an hour maintained an animated fire against the riflemen who lined the path, and kept up a brisk return from small rifle pits and the shelter of stones and rocks. At this time the guns upon Fahla and some of those upon Salanizi kept up a constant fire upon our advancing line, but the aim was very bad, and most of the shot went over our heads. Certainly most alarming were our own rockets, some of which came in very unpleasant proximity to us. Presently, to our great relief, they joined us, and soon drove the enemy's riflemen up the hill, after which they threw a few salvos of rockets with admirable aim up at the guns a thousand feet above us; doing, as it afterwards turned out, considerable damage, and nearly killing Theodore himself, who was superintending the working of the gun by his German prisoners. In the meantime a much more serious contest was taking place upon our left. The main body of the enemy had taken this direction to attack the baggage, and advanced directly towards the Punjaub Pioneers, who were defending the head of the road. Fortunately, as they were nearly approaching, Colonel Penn's mountain train of steel guns, which were following the naval train, arrived at the top of the road, and instantly unloaded and took their places by the side of the Punjaubees. When the enemy were within three hundred yards the steel guns opened with shells, and speedily stopped the advance of the head of the column. The greater part of the natives then went down a ravine further to the left, down which they proceeded to the attack of the baggage, in the main valley of which this ravine was a branch. The baggage guard, composed of a detachment of the 4th, scattered along the long line, had already been warned by the guns of the fortress that an attack was impending, and Captain Aberdie, of the Transport Train, galloping down, brought them word of the advancing body of the enemy. The various officers upon duty instantly collected their men. Captain Roberts was in command, and was well seconded by Lieutenants Irving, Sweeney, and Durrant, of the 4th, and by the officers of the Transport Train. As the enemy poured down the ravine they were received by a withering fire from the deadly Snider. A portion of the Punjaubees came down the ravine and took them in flank, and some of the guns of Penn's battery, getting upon a projecting space, scattered death everywhere amongst them. From the extreme rapidity of the fire of the Snider, the firing at this time in different parts of the field was as heavy and continuous as that of a general action between two large armies. The Punjaubees behaved with great gallantry and charged with the bayonet, doing great execution. The natives, who had fought with great pluck, now attempted to escape up the opposite side of the ravine, but great numbers were shot down as they did so, their white dresses offering a plain mark to our riflemen; at last, however, the remnant gained the opposite bank, and fled across the country to our left from their retreat to Magdala being cut off. The action, from the first to the last gun, lasted an hour and a half. It was as far as our part of the fray was concerned, a mere skirmish. We had not a single man killed, and only about thirty wounded, most of them slightly.

THE FALL OF MAGDALA.

A CORRESPONDENT with the army says:—There was Magdala at 500 yards' distance, with its garrison keeping up a scattered fire at us, none of the bullets, however, reaching so far; there were a few shots from behind the little haystack hut; there was Theodore himself galloping about with a half-dozen of his chiefs—picturesque figures in their bright-coloured robes; and there was our little party waging a war upon them, with not another

soldier in sight; or, indeed, within half a mile of us. This lasted for ten minutes or so, and then an officer rode up to order the infantry to retire into the slope, but to keep the guns under their fire. The cavalry had previously been ordered to retire. In another quarter of an hour Penn's battery came down to us and opened fire, and the steel shells soon drove the enemy up the road into the fortress. For a quarter of an hour they continued their fire, and when they had once got the range every shell burst close to the gateway through which the road passed. Then there came an order to cease firing, and Murray's guns, which had taken up their position upon the top of Salazari, twice a battery more to the right, and the Naval Rocket Brigade took up the fire. For nearly two hours, with occasional intervals, these guns and Twice's battery kept up their fire. While this was going on, we discovered in a small tent, a hundred yards or so in our front, the Frenchman Bardet, who is sick with a fever, and was at once carried to the rear. We had, too, plenty of time to examine the guns. Some were of English, some of Indian manufacture. All were of brass, and varied in size from a fourteen-pounder downwards. There were two or three small mortars among them: this was evidently the arsenal, for here were tools and instruments of all descriptions—files, hammers, anvils, &c. There were bags of charcoal and a forge, and here were many hundreds of bullets, varying in size from grape shot to immense round balls for the giant mortar, which shattered to pieces the other day at the first attempt to fire it.

The Balobches had joined us and were posted near the edge of a precipice to our right. Their attention being attracted by an overpowering stench they looked over the edge of the rock, and there, 50 feet below, was one of the most horrifying sights which was ever beheld. There in a great pile lay the bodies of the 350 prisoners whom Theodore had murdered last Thursday, and whom he had then thrown over the edge of the precipice. There they lay—men, women, and little children—in a putrifying mass. It was a most ghastly sight, and recalled to our minds the horrible cruelty of the tyrant, and quite destroyed the effect which his bravery had produced. At last, at half-past three, the troops came down and took their places, and at a quarter to four the whole of the guns and rockets opened a tremendous fire to cover the advance, and the 33rd, preceded by a small band of engineers and sappers under Major Pritchard, and followed by the 45th, advanced to the assault, the 4th and the rest of the 1st brigade taking their places as a reserve. When within a few hundred yards of the rock, the 33rd formed and opened fire at the gateway. It was the most tremendous fire I ever heard. Even the thunder which was, as during the fight of Good Friday, roaring over head, was lost in the roar of the 700 Snider rifles, and which was re-echoed by the rocks in their front. Under cover of this tremendous fire the engineers and the leading company advanced up the path. When they were half-way up the troops ceased firing, and the storming party scrambled up at a run. All this time answering volleys had come back from a high wall which extended for some feet at the side of the gateway, and behind the houses and rocks near it. When the engineers, headed by Major Pritchard, reached the gateway, several shots were fired through loopholes in the wall, and two or three men staggered back wounded. Major Pritchard himself receiving two slight flesh wounds in the arm. The men immediately put their rifles through the holes, and kept up a constant fire so as to clear away their enemies from behind it. The 45th opened fire to prevent the enemy's skirmishers doing damage, and a few pioneers of the 45th were sent with axes to force open the gate. In the meantime, however, the men of the 33rd, in the road leading up to the gate, discovered a road half-way up by which they were able to scramble up to the left, and getting through the hole they quickly cleared away the defenders of the gate. A large portion of the regiment entered at this spot, the gate not being fairly opened for a quarter of an hour after the storming party arrived. When it was broken down it was found that the gate house was filled with very large stones, and therefore, had powder been at hand, and the gate been blown in, a considerable time must have elapsed before the party could have entered. Behind the gateway were a cluster of huts, many of whose inhabitants still remained in them in spite of the heavy fire which had for two hours been kept up. Behind them was a natural scarp of twenty-five or thirty feet high, with a flight of steps wide enough only for a single man to ascend at a time. At the top of this was another gate, which had been blown down by the rifles of the 33rd. I entered with the rear of the regiment, but all was by that time over. By the first gateway were six or seven bodies, and two or three men by the second. Beyond this was the level plateau, thickly scattered with the native huts of their ordinary construction, and the haycock fabrics which had covered the other hills and plateau. At a hundred yards from the gate lay the body of Theodore himself, pierced with three balls, one of which, it is said, he fired with his own hand. He was of middle height, and very thin, and the expression of his face in death was mild rather than the reverse. He had thrown off the rich robe in which he had ridden over the plain, and was in an ordinary chief's red and white cloth.

The fighting was now over. A hundred men or so had escaped down a path upon the other side of the fortress, and the rest of the defenders had fled into their houses and emerged as peaceable inhabitants without their weapons. Nothing could be more admirable than the behaviour of the 33rd. I did not see a single instance of a man either of this or the regiment which followed attempting to take a single ornament or other article from the person of any of the natives. These latter thronged out of their houses, having their household goods and belonging to the ground, as they made their way towards the gate of the fort. I went into several of the abandoned huts; they contained nothing but rubbish. A few goats and cattle stood in the enclosures, and bags of grain were in plenty. The poor people had been well content to escape with their lives and what they could carry away on their own shoulders and those of their pack animals.

SUICIDE OF AN OFFICER AT SHORNCLIFFE CAMP.—We regret to have to record the melancholy death, by his own hand, of Ensign Charles Butler, 3rd Buffs, stationed at Shorncliffe Camp. It appears that on Saturday evening, after mess, deceased was in company with other officers till close on midnight. Lieutenant Bamford leaving him in his own quarters about half-past eleven. Nothing more was heard of him till about half-past seven on Sunday morning, when his servant, going into the outer room to prepare his usual bath, saw blood streaming from under the bedroom door. Alarmed at this, he forced the door, and found his master sitting in his easy chair, but quite dead. There was a six chambered revolver in his lap, and a ball had penetrated his head. The unfortunate gentleman was in uniform, as when he left the mess. Dr. Leslie, staff surgeon was immediately sent for, but his services were of no avail. Two letters were found on his table, one directed to the colonel of his battalion, the other to his father. At present no reason is assigned for the act. The most strange part of the matter is that no one appears to have heard the report of his pistol, although the hut is surrounded by others, and sentries are stationed at but a short distance. Mr. Butler was but 19 years of age, and had not long joined the service. He was a universal favourite both with his brother officers and the men of his regiment.

The mill of Messrs. A. Priestman and Co., worsted spinners and manufacturers, Brick-Lane, Bradford, was destroyed by fire on Thursday night. The mill was built some seven or eight years ago. The roof fell in in less than an hour. The damage in the destruction of the building, machinery, and stock is roughly estimated at nearly £20,000, which is wholly covered by insurance in several offices. Between 300 and 400 workpeople will be thrown out of work.

THE ATTACK ON THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

(From the Sydney Morning Herald.)

WHILE the Prince was engaged in conversation with Sir W. Manning, a treacherous assailant, who had just left the crowd of persons congregated under the shade of the trees, stole up behind his Royal Highness, and when he had approached to within three or four feet, pulled out a revolver, took deliberate aim, and fired. The shot took effect about the middle of the back of his Royal Highness. He fell forward on his hands and knees, exclaiming, "Good God, my back is broken." A number of people, upon seeing his Royal Highness fall, ran to his assistance, lifted him from the ground, and proceeded to carry him towards the royal pavilion. It was evident from the demeanour of his Royal Highness that he was suffering great pain, and he asked his bearers to carry him more gently. This wish was complied with as far as possible, and thus he was borne into his tent.

The effect of this diabolical attempt at assassinating the Prince, among the immense number of persons congregated at Clontarf, may be more easily imagined than described. A large number of ladies fainted, others were seized with hysterics, and the whole multitude was convulsed. Suddenly a joyous throng had been converted into a mass of excited people, in whose breasts sympathy for the Royal sufferer, and indignation for his murderous assailant, alternately prevailed; while pale faces and tearful eyes told of the deep anxiety to know the extent of the injuries which his Royal Highness had sustained. People crowded by hundreds around the tent in which the sufferer lay, until they were informed that they must keep back in order to allow free ventilation. They at once fell back thirty or forty yards, and formed a complete cordon around the tent, anxiously awaiting the result of the examination. Finding, in reply to inquiry that the people were so anxious about him, his Royal Highness said, "Tell the people I am not much hurt; I shall be better presently." His Royal Highness, who never lost consciousness, although feeling faint and weak from the shock to his nervous system, and from loss of blood, described to his attendants the sensation he experienced when struck by the bullet. He said he felt as though he was being lifted off the ground by a balloon.

At about five o'clock his Royal Highness was placed on a litter, and borne by men of the Galatea and Charybdis to the deck of the Morpeth, a solemn silence being preserved by the people, who stood on either side when the cortege passed. When the Morpeth arrived off Farm Cove, Sydney, a barge from the Galatea came alongside to convey the Royal sufferer to the shore. The Prince, who was lying upon a stretcher with a soft mattress under him, and his head supported by pillows, was lowered into his barge, which was manned by a number of his own sailors. On arriving at the landing-place he was carefully raised out of the boat, and the sight of his prostrate and helpless condition called forth from the people present many expressions of sympathy.

We now turn to the scene of the attack. When Sir William Manning heard the discharge from the pistol, and saw his Royal Highness fall, he turned and sprang at the would-be assassin, who then jumped back and aimed the murderous weapon at Sir William. Seeing the pistol directed towards him, Sir William stooped to evade the shot, and, losing his balance, fell. Fortunately the charge did not explode; but as Sir William Manning was in the act of rising the ruffian took aim a third time. Just at this moment Mr. Vial, coach-builder, of Castlereagh-street, who happened to be behind, sprang upon the cowardly assailant, and pinioned his arms to his side. Upon finding himself pinioned in this way, the first thought in the miscreant was to shoot the man who had thus prevented him from further carrying out his bloody purpose, and getting his right hand sufficiently at liberty to point the pistol, he endeavoured to aim it over his shoulders at Mr. Vial, but being unable to effect his purpose without a risk of shooting himself, he directed his aim to the spot, as nearly as he could judge, where his Royal Highness was lying, and (as he has since confessed) endeavoured to shoot a second time the Royal victim of his murderous attack. Fortunately for his Royal Highness the assassin's aim was diverted from its object, and the bullet intended for the person of the Prince entered the foot of Mr. George Thorne, an elderly gentleman, who thereupon fainted and was carried away by some of his friends. The scene which followed almost defies description. No sooner had Mr. Vial grasped the man who had fired the shots than several other gentlemen also seized him; and had it not been for the closing in around them of the police and other persons, they would speedily have placed him beyond the reach of the law courts. The people shouted "Lynch him," "Hang him," "String him up," and so on, and there was a general rush to get at him. Unfortunately for Mr. Vial some of the people mistook him for the Prince's dastardly assailant, and for few seconds he was treated unmercifully. He was pulled backwards by the hair of his head—he was kicked and beaten, and his hair and whiskers torn out by the handful—and it was not until some gentlemen who knew Mr. Vial came to his assistance that he was released. In the meantime the police, headed by Superintendent Orridge, got hold of the assassin, and they had the greatest difficulty in preventing the infuriated people from tearing him limb from limb. The task of putting the prisoner on board the ship was not an easy one, and it was fully ten minutes before they could get him on to the wharf. By that time all the clothing from the upper part of his body was torn off, his eyes, face, and body were much bruised, and blood was flowing from various wounds; and when he was dragged on to the deck of the Paterson, which was lying at the wharf, he appeared to be utterly unconscious. No sooner was he on board than a number of sailors had a rope ready to strangle him up, and it was only by the interference of Lord Newry that his life was spared. Some of the police were very roughly used, detective Powell getting about the worst of it. In the scuffle he fell over some stones, and had a chance of being trampled to death.

The people, out of whose hands the prisoner had been rescued, immediately gave vent to their disappointment, and at an indignation meeting, summarily convened, determined to bring him back from the steamer, and dispatch him at the scene of his crime. A rush was then made for the steamer, which had just hauled off a few feet from the wharf, and they shouted to the captain to haul in. For a moment this officer appeared to waver, but the Hon. John Hay, who was on the bridge, doubtless divining the intentions of the crowd, peremptorily ordered the captain to haul off. This he did, and the vessel accordingly proceeded on her way to Sydney.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—It is stated that twenty-four statues are to be placed on the new building for the University of London, including statues of men of science of all countries. Considering that not one of our own men is publicly commemorated in this metropolis, it may be desirable, in the first instance, to appropriate the statues to them. Some of the following will figure among the twenty-four, but there ought to be room for all such as Bacon, Harvey, Newton, Watt, Herschel, Davy, Dalton, Faraday, Shakespeare, Milton, Hobbes, De Foe, Locke, Adam Smith, Gibbon, Hume, Johnson, Flaxman, Scott, not forgetting Franklin, to whom we have as much right as the Americans have to Shakespeare.

INTENDED VISIT OF MR. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P. TO LIVERPOOL.—In accordance with an invitation, Mr. John Bright, M.P. has consented to attend a meeting to be held by the Welsh Reform Association in Liverpool in Whitsun week. This association is of a national character, having its head-quarters in Liverpool, and it is intended that deputations from its various branches in the different districts of Wales shall be present.

LITERATURE.

"Lord Byron, Judged by the Witnesses of His Life"—[Lord Byron, jugé par les Témoins de sa Vie]. 2 vols. Paris: Amyot; London, Dulau and Co.

No greater proof could be given of the renewed interest which is being felt with respect to Byron, his life, his character, and his works, than this publication of 1,000 pages sent forth to gratify the awakened European curiosity. For a time, the author and his productions almost ceased to affect the pulse of the people. Earnest spirits that mistook, and small evil spirits that maligned him, wrote or talked him nearly out of public favour; but a man who is much written or spoken against naturally excites a desire to see fair play awarded to him. Consequently, a new generation read the works over which their fathers had quarrelled, and they found what, after all, most of their fathers had found—that with many human failings, there was, nevertheless, in Byron a true man and a great poet.

The love passages between Byron and Lady Caroline Lamb are told at some length, but they are ill told, and the author not only affirms that Byron had no great deal of love for Lady Caroline, but "He suffered too much in having to play such a part as she imposed upon him, and was therefore induced to bring her back to reason and a sense of duty, and thought he had succeeded." Now, among the many useful habits of Lady Morgan's life may be reckoned that of not only preserving every letter, by whomsoever addressed to her, but every enclosure, albeit the sender desired that it might be returned. The most piquant part of Lady Morgan's Memoirs is that in which the whole of the love affairs of the married Lady Caroline, and the bachelor poet and peer, then in the brightest flush of his fame, are, for the first time, narrated in full. The narration is made by word of mouth, as in letters addressed by Lady Caroline to Lady Morgan, and in one letter enclosed, written by Byron to the former highly impressionable lady. Subsequently, Lord Byron called on Lady Caroline. "Rogers and Moore," she told Lady Morgan, "were standing by me; I was on the sofa. I had just come in from riding. I was filthy and heated. When Lord Byron was announced, I flew out of the room to wash myself. When I returned, Rogers said, 'Lord Byron, you are a happy man. Lady Caroline has been sitting here in all her dirt with us, but when you were announced, she flew to beautify herself.' Such was the beginning, and for nine months following it, Lord Byron 'almost lived at Melbourne House,' which was the 'centre of all gaiety, at least in appearance.' Byron swept all the *habitués* away, made the lady happy by his homage, and her mother miserable till the connection was broken off, and Lady Caroline agreed to withdraw to the paternal mansion in Ireland. It was on the occasion of her departure that Lord Byron wrote a letter (in which the following passages occur) to Lady Caroline, who communicated it to Lady Morgan, the preservation of which document by the latter lady furnishes us with evidence how inaccurately the Countess Guiccioli holds the threads of this somewhat dishevelled romance, when she comes to the conclusion that "my lord" did not much care for the love-stricken married lady, and that he exerted himself to induce her to resume the path of reason and duty. The letter breathes words that burn, assurances of love made in a tone the most likely to lead a woman of fierce passions and tender affections, like Lady Caroline, to utter ruin and disgrace:—

"My dearest Caroline,—If tears which you saw and know, and know I am not apt to shed,—if the agitation in which I parted from you,—agitation which you must have perceived through the whole of this most nervous affair, did not commence until the moment of leaving you approached,—if all I have said and done, and still am but too ready to say and do, have not sufficiently proved what my real feelings are, and must ever be towards you, my love, I have no other proof to offer. God knows, I wish you happy, and when I quit you, or rather you from a sense of duty to your husband and mother, quit me, you shall acknowledge the truth of what I again promise and vow, that no other in word or deed shall ever hold the place in my affections, which is, and shall be, most sacred to you, till I am nothing. . . . I shall have a pride, a melancholy pleasure, in suffering what you yourself can scarcely conceive, for you do not know me. . . . Do you think now I am cold, and stern, and wilful? Will ever others think so? Will your mother ever—that mother to whom we must indeed sacrifice much more, much more on my part than she shall ever know or can imagine? 'Promise not to love you,' ah, Caroline, it is past promising. But I shall attribute all concessions to the proper motive, and never cease to feel all that you have already witnessed, and more than can ever be known but to my own heart,—perhaps to yours. May God protect, forgive, and bless you ever and ever, more than ever.—Your most attached, BYRON.

"P.S.—Is there anything in earth or heaven that would have made me so happy as to have made you mine long ago? and not less now than then, but more than ever at this time. You know I would with pleasure give up all here and beyond the grave for you, and in refraining from this, must my motives be misunderstood? I care not who knows this."

And all this outpouring of what is called "heart" is made to a married woman who writes to Lady Morgan, by way of comment, "William" (her husband, afterwards Lord Melbourne) "loved me so much, that he forgave me all, and only implored me to remain;" and of whom she says at another time, "He cared nothing for my morals, I might flirt and go about with what men I pleased. He was privy to my affair with Lord Byron, and laughed at it. His indolence rendered him insensible to everything." Soon after, the lover whose passion was never to die, married, broke away from his wife (not bearing all the blame himself), and thenceforth cast what he called his love, like Israel's incense, upon every shrine.

JOHN CRAWFORD, THE ORIENTALIST.—A useful and laborious

servant of literature has passed away in the fullness of years, in

John Crawford, the orientalist. The 'History of the Indian

Archipelago,' by this gentleman, is a sound and original work,

which will keep its place on the library shelf; having a value

far, indeed, beyond that of his later works on the Malay grammar

and language. Mr. Crawford was a constant visitor at the meet-

ings of our learned Societies, and very few faces were better

known in London than his. He died suddenly, in his eighty-fifth

year, apparently hale and hearty to the last day of his life.—

Athenæum.

SYDNEY SMITH'S PREFERMENT.—The late Rev. Sydney Smith

owed his first valuable piece of preferment to the persistence of

Lady Holland. Erskine was a constant visitor at Holland House.

As soon as he was made Lord Chancellor, Lady Holland laid close

siege to him to compel him to confer a living on Smith. Erskine

at last yielded, and Smith called on him to thank him for the ap-

pointment. The Chancellor disavowed all claim to being thanked.

"Lady Holland," he said, "insisted on my giving it to you; and

if she had desired me to give it to the devil," he added, "he must

have had it!" There was something of the same spirit in the re-

mark of George III., when he nominated a man he disliked to a

bishopric. The person thus preferred coyly confessed himself un-

worthy of the preferment. To this the King replied that he knew

that well enough, but the Prime Minister would have it so, and

he (the King) had yielded to the persistency. The mock-moest

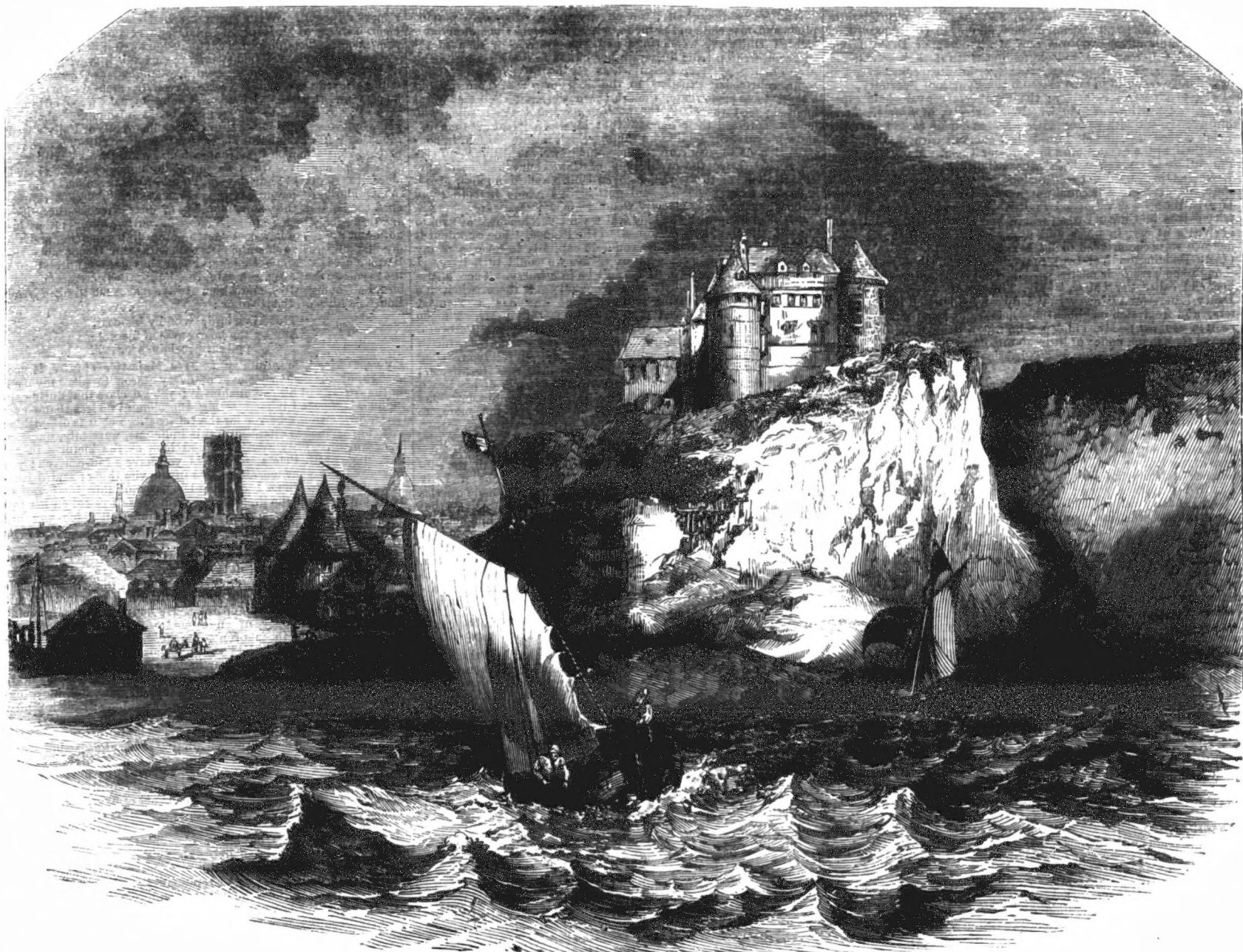
prate may have been the bishop of whom Smith said that he

looked so like Judas as to induce Smith at last to firmly believe

in the apostolical succession.—*Saints and Sinners, by Dr.*

Doran.





VIEW OF DIEPPE.

The Baddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXXVII. A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

"SOLEMN word and honour! Solemn word and fiddlestick! Solemn word and walnut pickles!" the unceremonious Doctor Ionides retorted; "but stay, I think you do really believe in such things; so we will go in and have a quiet cigar. You'll find it rather a difficult matter to get one in Paris, though, my friend."

And so into the gay cigar-shop, where they purchased their ambiguous weed—the higher priced French cigars are, the worse they usually turn out to be—and added their contribution to the Augean strewings of half-burnt cigar-lights on the floor. One of the fair *dames de comptoir* gazed with some curiosity at Doctor Ionides and his notable costume, and simperingly muttered something about being *en carnaval*. The Doctor had always been a gallant man, and he took off his hat, and made the young lady a low bow; whereas she smiled again, and whispered something to Eulalie, her companion, in French.

"C'est un milord"—"It is an English nobleman," she might have whispered.

"Plutôt ou mouchard, il porte perruque"—"A police-agent, rather; he wears a wig"—it is not quite improbable that Made-moiselle Eulalie may have doubtfully answered.

"Un voleur, peut-être"—"A thief, perhaps"—was another fluttering supposition.

"Ca se peut"—"Maybe"—another.

"Qu'il est drôle!"—"How funny!"

"Tiens," for which idiomatic expression I should be very much obliged for a literal translation myself.

The whispered colloquy was here put an end to by the entrance of a superb English footman who wanted "*Doo soe de taback a pri-y, snuffy, you know, byany fort; comprenny voo?*"

I wonder which, if any, of the young ladies' suppositions, with respect to my friend Doctor Ionides, was the correct one?

Lord Baddington was not alone. The episcopal guardsman, indeed, had been detained in England by a grudging country and an invidious commander-in-chief, to do duty at some commonplace barracks, near Portman Square, London; but, *en revanche* (I do not know how it is, but whenever I find myself on French ground, in fact or in fiction, I can't help indulging in a Lilliputian French quotation now and then), the fiery-faced major had accompanied his noble friend to Paris as social side-de-camp; and the services of another henchman—for a lord cannot get on without two toadies—had been secured, in the person of one Mr. Creaming-pett, an honourable, and a paid *attaché* of the English Embassy, and who was—what paid *attachés* of Embassy are the whole world over. For diplomatists are stamped in a limited mint, the coinage of which, notwithstanding, is wonderfully homogeneous. There is your great ambassadorial crown-piece, gouty, dinner-giving, and occasionally with his *confrères* squabbling. There is the half-crown, or secretary of legation—sharp, thin, *coryphée* pursuing, and against Guatemalan *charge d'affaires*, or Fee-jee minister plenipotentiary intriguing. There are the pert, shining, glossy, sparkling shilling-and-sixpenny *attachés*, paid and unpaid,

waltzing, flirting, late supping, and occasionally levanting. These coins are passed from hand to hand, or from court to court, just as is the current money of the realm; but there is no difference in ambassadorial coinage between Vienna and Petersburg; and the money-changers of Constantinople will tell you the exact *agio* upon the diplomatic ducats of Stockholm.

Is it not time, though, that you, whose patience, oh, my reader, rivals that of Grissel, famous in mediæval Chaucerian story—exceeds that of him, that literary scoundrel of fair Italia's clime during the middle ages, who having the alternative given to him either to read Guicciardini through or go to the galleys, chose the former, but, breaking down at the ninety-ninth siege of Bologna, went back to the oar and the chain and the cudgel rejoicing—but to that dreadful book no more? Is it not time, long-suffering and forbearing reader of mine, that thou should'st know why Lord Baddington should be found in a cigar-shop in a Parisian *passage*, with a major and a paid *attaché* for his squires; and why he, they—Philip Leslie, Doctor Ionides—should be, this present night of Mordi Gras, in Paris at all?

Briefly thus:—It will be remembered that Lady Baddington had extorted from her grandnephew a solemn promise that he would not, for the future, at any time molest or interfere with that little "black-eyed dancing-girl, whose name was Manuelita." The promise was made in the golden Autumn time, when the woods wore their richest dresses, and there was great joy among trees bearing rich fruit. Pleased with the promptness of her relative to promise, her Ladyship had evinced her gratitude by generously presenting him with a cheque for a thousand pounds, adding, that if he believed himself, there was no knowing where her liberality, financially speaking, might stop; for that she intended to marry a duke, and to have, not a miserable jointure of twenty thousand pounds, but thirty thousand, at least, *per annum*. Lord Baddington told the anecdote cheerfully at his clubs, amidst great applause. Various comments, but all of them favourable, were made on his beautiful grandaunt, and unanimous verdict being passed that she was a "splendid woman," and bets were laid as to the particular duke who would, eventually, have the honour of leading her to the hymeneal altar. That he was an aged duke seemed settled, too, by general consent, Major Gambroon facetiously remarking, "that such a beauty was the old peer's best companion."

Now, the ostensible motive for the Lady Baddington's making her grandnephew so promise was this: that she had made up her imperial mind that Manuelita was to marry Philip Leslie, and that the two were to be very fond of one another, and were to be happy together all the days of their lives. There was no disparity of age—no disparity of station—a painter and a dancing-girl—*cela se comprend*. No disparity of temper, for they were both spoiled children; and both, her Ladyship deigned to observe, very good-looking children too. Her Ladyship was in the right. A handsome pair had hardly been seen since John Lord Hervey married Molly Lepell.

So they were to be married, and all the rest of it. It was astonishing what a hurry the Lady Baddington was in to see them married—how she chafed and fretted—nay, almost how cross she became at the delay. They were to be married, and to be happy. She had obtained numerous commissions for Philip already. He was to paint large pictures, be a Royal Academician, make his fortune, be knighted, *que sais-je?*—only they were to be married immediately.

Was Philip very much in love with Manuelita, I wonder? He was in love with himself, with the goodness and beauty of his patroness, with his new-born fortune, with a fine studio, and brave canvases and lay figures, and plenty of ultramarine and megilp. He was in love with clothes and regular victuals, and exemption from the tyranny of a lodging-house-keeper. Yes; and I think he must have been in love, too, with the dark eyes and pouting lips, and artless ways of his future wife; but, such was his sense of gratitude to his benefactress, that I am persuaded, had she brought him by the hand, or rather paw, to that poor baboon-woman, whose picture on the walls has lately been disgusting the town, and whose public exhibition was an insult to public decency and an insult to our system of police, and said to him, "Philip Leslie! behold your bride; you must love her very much, and be happy together for the rest of your lives," Philip would have bowed the knee, and bled at once to Doctors' Commons, for his name to be filled up on the orthodox parchment containing the benediction of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and a blue stamp, in conjunction with the bearded lady. Men go very cheap; brag of devotion, honour, disinterestedness, and so on, as we may, we sell ourselves, now to pay off some debts, and now to increase some luxuries; now for a new steam-engine for the "works," now for a new cab-horse. And even your very disinterested lovers make "time-bargains" at the altar, as they would in Capel Court. They buy for the account, and speculate for a rise; but, ah, me! what a dreadful wailing and gnashing of teeth there is when a nipping "fall" comes among the bulls and the bears.

Thus, as the Lady Baddington had said, *sic volo sic jubeo*, Philip had no course to pursue, but to acquiesce in the decision of that amiable match-maker. Don't you know, then, those dear, delightful, indefatigable assassines, who are charmingly determined to "find a wife" for every lonely bachelor? They come across, and pursue him with daggers dressed in myrtle, like Harmodius, and poisoned chalices wreathed in flowers—marrying him to smiling shrews, affable dragoons, mild-eyed scorpions, and Syren-voiced sea-serpents; Venus Aphrodites, who scratch your face, and Clio who confiscate your latch-key, lock up your tobacco-jar, and tell you, with the supreme unconcern in the world, that they have thrown your pet cutty-pipe, which took you months to colour, into the dust-hole, as a "nasty, dirty thing." I knew such a match-maker once (Heaven rest her bones! for she is with the saints), who wanted to marry me to a woman who had a wart on the left side of her nose, and a pair of shoulders that you might have hung your week's washing upon, so horizontal were they. She thought she had me hard and fast; but I saved myself by a flight to the Channel Islands, for I am certain that woman (Warty) would have had my life (with sheer kindness) within six months after marriage. Her name was not HELEN, alas! And who is Helen, now, I should like to know? Bah! I sit at the *Porte Scie*, and adore Helen as she goes by, and forgive her, for her beauty's sake, all the woes she has caused to Troy; *mais, quant a son amour, je ne m'en soucie plus guere: et d'autres*—Helen jilted me, and I am consoled.

The wedding was postponed, unavoidably, to the commencement of the new year, Eighteen hundred and thirty-six, in consequence of a very serious fit of illness which befell her Ladyship of Baddington; and during one crisis of which her very life was despaired of. She was attended throughout by her body surgeon, Sir Paracelsus Fleem, in consultation with whom was the great

Sir Samuel Skryer, he who wrote that wondrous book on abnormal neuralgia of zymotic pimples, and was own physician to Queen Adelaide; and the apothecary employed (truly assiduous was he in his attendance) was one Mr. Tinctop, of Drury Lane. Her Ladyship recovered, to look more beautiful than ever; and every preparation having been made for the auspicious event, it was finally arranged to take place on the Fourth of February.

Everybody was very happy; the beauteous convalescent especially. Manuelita was happier than anybody, of course. It is quite consonant with young ladies who are about to get married to cry a good deal, and sit a good deal alone in corners, thinking, doubtless, of the greater bliss in store for them. Manuelita took the fullest advantage of both those privileges; so much so, that Lady Baddington rated her occasionally, and asked her whether she were moping. She could not have been moping, you know. Her patroness was very good to her. She was installed in the fairy palace in Curzon Street, where her affianced husband paid her visits at certain times and under strict surveillance. The footmen were commanded to do her reverence, the ladies' maids (Lady Baddington had two) to pay her as much attention as though she were their mistress. Even the hall porter unbent to her, and called her "Miss." Mr. Tinctop, the apothecary from Drury Lane—and "owever my lady can habide sich low karacters, and from sich neighbourhoods, Hi can't hunderstand"—*sic* cook in *cog. loc.*—Mr. Tinctop, who was a good deal about the house, took much notice of little Manuelita.

The Viscountess, who was indefatigable in the matter, had written to the dear child's uncle at Liverpool, discreetly, or at least ingeniously, accounting for her absence, vouching for her good conduct, and informing him of his niece's approaching union with a young man "moving (B platitude of platitudes!) in a respectable sphere of life." The usually respectable but irascible Senator contented himself by sending up his Curse by return of post, recommending his niece, with much urgency, to the especial care of the Principal of Evil. He added, in a postscript, that the absence of Manuelita had been to him a pecuniary loss of one hundred pounds sterling; and that he would be exceedingly obliged if the English lady, who was siding and abetting her in her undutiful practices, would remit him that sum per bank post-bill.

Lady Baddington laughed; and put the letter in the fire.

There was a night of anxious suspense, and pleasurable anticipation—it is to be hoped to all parties concerned—but certainly to this matrimonial Bountiful who wore the Baddington coronet. She had provided the bride's trousseau; she had chosen the wedding dress, fixed upon its colour, determined its pattern, devised its trimmings; she, with her own hands, tried it on the shrinking form of the blushing little bride expectant, by the light of her own pink wax tapers—table candles; she threw over her shoulders a rich shot silk mantle; she adjusted on the nestling head a wondrous structure of inscrutable millinery called a bonnet;—for it was winter, and she was to be married in a bonnet; she imprinted a loving kiss on the girl's lips; and expatiated on the happiness she would experience in the life-long companionship of so clever, generous, good-hearted a husband. Then she opened a morocco-case, like a crimson oyster-shell, and showed Manuelita a glittering toy of emeralds and brilliants, which she intended to be her special wedding present. The marriage was to take place, not at St. George's or any such ostentatious edifice, but at a quiet old church in the city, where there was a rector who was very old and very deaf, a very low Churchman, and who cured the souls of his parishioners, ten months out of the twelve, at a briny little watering-place on the Sussex coast; and where the curate (who was reported to take, commonly, no human sustenance, save haricot beans and unbuttered muffins) was a furious Tractarian of the most milk-and-water description, and read sermons, which were paraphrases of the "Tracts for the Times" (just then in vogue) every Sunday to a congregation composed of Lady Munroffin's charity boys, the clerk, the sexton, the sexton's wife, Mr. Deputy Podge's maiden sister, who was supposed to be not quite right in her head, and the carved and gilt lion and unicorn that kept guard at either angle of the churchwarden's pew.

Lord Baddington had not been to his grandaunt's house for at two months. His Lordship had sent in his "papers" to the Horse Guards, and was negotiating the sale of his commission, his extensive estates in Ireland demanding (in the interest of his tenantry, doubtless) all his time and attention. With this view he had crossed St. George's Channel, and was taking care of his estates at Morrison's Hotel, Dublin, where he found the Sneyd's claret not at all unpalatable, and whence he sent frequent and anxiously kind inquiries after Lady Baddington's health.

The marriage-morning came: as the morning, however long deferred, must come; the morning for joy, and the morning for sorrow; the morning for you, your Majesty, to be crowned—for you, Jack Supercoll, to be hanged; the morning for every one of us to lay by crinoline and all-round collars, when the gay pictures shall be turned with their faces to the wall, and these about us open the windows, that our souls may have elbow-room to flee away from the day.

The bridegroom was dressed, and, pale and palpitating, was waiting in the musty old vestry-room of Saint Duffabox-under-Crump, Crump Lane, City, for the arrival of his bride, who was to be driven there in Lady Baddington's own carriage. Her considerate Ladyship, Philip being quite a stranger in London, had provided him, even, with a groomsmen, in the person of a Mr. Tinctop, apothecary, of Drury Lane, who, in a yellow waistcoat, which gave him in an intense degree the semblance of a canary bird, and a bald head seemingly expressly bees'-waxed and polished for the occasion, so shifting was it, moused about the vestry-room, and cunningly contemplated the portrait of the Reverend Doctor Nudget, rector (resting his hand on a corpulent copy of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity"), and carefully perused all the placards on the walls relative to baptisms, marriages, churchings, and burial fees.

Time—eleven sharp. Clergyman quite ready. Married some blue pilot cloth, brass buttons, and a mahogany-looking band attached to the Trinity House—perhaps an "elder brother," more probably a pilot—to a tremendous bonnet, and a vast circumference of black silk, whose occupant on ordinary days transacted business of a picaresque nature in Billingsgate Market. Married a messenger of Doctor's Commons, to the mistress of Lady Munroffin's charity school for girls. Married two or three other people, who evidently didn't know what they were about, or they would have known better.

Noon: no bride. Twenty minutes, half-past, a quarter to; no bride. Bridegroom almost in frenzy. Mr. Tinctop wiping his bald head, clerk very fidgety about his fees. Pew-opener ditto. Clergyman impatient, looking at his watch, thinking of his dinner (one bean and a muffin), the people he had to bury in the afternoon, and his unfinished sermon upon St. Simon Stylites, as compared with St. Dominic the Cauteriser.

Ten minutes to, five minutes to; no bride; but at one came tearing up to the door one of the high yellow cabs with the big wheels, and the driver sitting on a perch at one side, which were beginning in those days to supersede the lumbering old hackney coaches. From this vehicle descended, with as much celerity as his reverend-dignity would permit, that same resplendent funkey who had been sent by Lady Baddington with the message about the money the first night that Philip had ever set eyes on her in the Wardour Street curiosity shop.

He wanted Mr. Leslie immediately. Mr. Leslie rushed into the vestibule, knocked against open pew-doors, stumbling over hassocks, and nearly frightening three old pauper women—in incessant quest of the clergyman for port wine, flannel petticoats, and "stuff for the rheumatiz."

"Jump in," cried the footman; "my lady wants yer d'rectly."

And away they went; the charity boys, who were playing pitch-and-toss close to the niche, where once was the status of the sainted Duffabox, wondering; and the old appleman at the corner of Crump Lane lifting up her hands in mute astonishment. Mr. Tinctop, not very disturbed, as far as his outward seeming went, courteously explained to the clergyman that there must be a screw loose somewhere, though these were not the exact words he used; feed the clerk, the pew-opener, and the beadle, who loudly expressed their opinion that he was a "real gentleman," and very carefully folding up the marriage license, which, in consideration of the sum of three pounds twelve shillings and sixpence, his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury had been kind enough to grant to his well-beloved Philip and Manuelita, placed it in his trousers-pocket, and putting his hands in both those sartorial appendages, placidly wended his way westward.

"If that thing with the blue seal wasn't parchment," he said to himself, alluding, it is presumed, to the license, "one could cut it up for curl papers. Stay, it would do capitally to cover a penny drum with. I don't see what other use we could turn it to. I thought how it would be. I needn't be in a hurry. There's sure to be a blow-up, and I may as well get there when it's all over. Polly's a divine creature, but she has a Temper, that's undeniable." And it is also a fact that Mr. Tinctop hurried himself so little that he stopped at the Cathedral Coffee-house in St. Paul's Churchyard, and comforted himself with a steaming bowl of mulligatawny soup. I tell you, using the novelist's phraseology, that which the man said to himself; what he really thought in the innermost tabernacle of his heart, behind the iconostat of self-deceit, it is not for me to know—*ne se sciam dicere aulim*. Few men lie as much, if not more, to themselves than they lie to others; and in very many cases, when you say to yourself that it is "all right," you think, and are perfectly convinced that it is "all wrong."

Twenty-five minutes' furious driving brought the cab, the cabman, the footman, and the "bridegroom" to the door of Lady Baddington's residence. To the reiterated and passionate queries of the excited painter, the footman had but one answer to give—that he "dursn't tell for his life—that his lady had bidden him not to." Just, however, as they neared the door—and just after, it may be, that something bright and yellow had rested for a moment in his palm, before it was consigned to the pocket of his crimson plush waistcoat—he whispered, so frightenedly that some of the powder from his ambrosial curls was sprinkled on Philip's coat-collar, these remarkable words:

"SHE'S BOLTED!"

"Who has bolted?"

"And there's a devil of a row."

This was certainly not an answer to the point; but there was no time to give another; for the cab stopped, the house-door opened, and the footman disappeared among the other flunkies.

Upstairs in the drawing-room the painter found Lady Baddington alone, raging in her weeds—a beautiful black jaguar. She rushed at him, rather than to meet him; and when he stooped to make his customary obeisance—for she liked to be treated as a queen always—flung him on one side with a swirl of her despair.

"What have you done with your wife, you fool?" she began in her passion; but she relented, and continued in kind accents, though her voice quivered with the rage that was within her: "My poor Philip, I know that it is not your fault; but you have lost your wife."

"Heavens and earth, Madam! Can it be true that—"

"She has fled this house. She is gone away. How she went I don't know; but the time must have been between nine and ten this morning. I was dressing in my own room. I had ordered Mickwith (lady's maid number two) to dress her; but she begged and prayed to be left to herself for half an hour, and alone she was left. The hall porter was away from his post. I discharged him on the spot. She must have slid downstairs, the little lizard, and so out of the house."

She sat down in a great *fautuil*, panting with suppressed anger. Then resumed:—

"She had put on her plainest, meanest dress. Every gown, every trinket, every ornament I had given her, were there, strewn about the room. On the dressing-table was this letter. Read it."

She sent a half-sheet of note paper fluttering towards Philip, and emptying a flask of eau-de-Cologne on her handkerchief, buried her face in the cushion; but not to weep.

It was a hurried, timorous scrawl, and ran thus:—

"I cannot help it. I know how wicked, ungrateful, undeserving I am; but I love him. Pray dear Philip to forgive me. Pray to him to forget me. I shall never come back. Don't seek for me. Oh! my lady, if you knew how miserable I am, you would forgive me too."

And no more, save that the paper was blotted all over with scarcely yet dried tears.

"What do you intend?" the lady asked abruptly.

The poor fellow never had much presence of mind; and now it was five thousand miles distant. He stammered out:—

"Seek her."

"Seek her! Where?"

Philip was silent.

"Do you know with whom she is gone away?" Lady Baddington asked slowly and deliberately. "She has fled—bah! she has run away with my accomplished grandnephew, with that fair-faced devil from the pit, the unutterable villain, Lord Baddington."

"Good heavens!"

"I tell you that with that man, and with none other, she has run away to shame, to dishonour, to disgrace! Where she is I'll find out within four-and-twenty hours. As for the girl, if I had here here, I'd have here whipped to death with knotted cords. As for that titling hound, he has broken his promise, and he shall die by—"

She stayed the utterance of a fearful oath, and placed her pretty hand on her mouth; then with a bitter smile:—

"You didn't think I could swear, Philip; but I can, and I can do what I swear to."

It is not exactly my purpose how Lady Baddington contrived to obtain the information she desire. That she did obtain it is certain; and it was in consequence of the information just mentioned that Philip Leslie was in Paris; that he was accompanied by Dr. Ionides, that both had procured tickets for the great *Bal Masque* at the Opera, which takes place on the night of Mardi Gras.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BEFORE THE BALL.

In an upper chamber *maison garnie* of that special street of furnished apartments, that Percy Street relique of Paris, the Rue Louis-le-Grand, and about eleven at night on Mardi Gras, Philip Leslie and Dr. Ionides were dressing for the ball. It should with more rigid propriety be explained, that the Doctor had completed the preliminaries of his toilet in one apartment, while his friend had arrayed himself for the *festin* in another; but their two bed-chambers were immediately contiguous—opening one upon the other, in fact; and the Doctor had left the inner room and entered that of Philip, in order that the latter might have an opportunity of criticising the splendour of his array previous to his putting the finishing touches thereto.

Mr. Philip Leslie had never been at a masquerade in his life; and with settled obstinacy this singular young man pertinaciously refused to travesty himself in any way, even to the assuming of a domino, and persisted in dressing himself in a plain suit of evening

black, which a regard for the truth compels me to say became him remarkably well. With scorn he had contemplated the whole stock-in-trade of M. Raphael-ben-Daoud, costumier and *marchant fripier* of the Temple and the Rue de Seine, and had turned a deaf ear to the serpent who had striven to enchant him with the sight of gay and resplendent costumes—troubadours, pages, Louis Quinze marquises, Louis Treize cavaliers, men-at-arms, arquebusers, and the like. He was not going to make a fool of himself, he said; so adhered to his evening black—although I should be glad, by the way, to know if in the whole annals of Folly's wardrobe there has even been made mention of a suit of attire more preposterously foolish than that same "evening dress" with which we *affable* ourselves when we go out to dinner, or to the Honourable Mrs. Blank's Thursdays. Thanking Heaven, as I am glad to do, sincerely for most things—meat, drink, decent raiment, good books, and the companionship of dear friends—there is yet one thing for which I am even more devoutly grateful: that it is not often my lot to be asked out to polite dinner-parties, and that my mantelpiece is seldom cumbered with the Honourable Mrs. Blank's cards. *Timeo Danaos*: I fear that dreadful dress-coat of the evening, that sable anomaly, that long-tailed excrescence, half-bird, half-buffoon-like, and which always makes me think of Vinny Bourne's lines on the jackdaw:

"There is a bird, who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
You might proclaim a crow."

My good friend, Mr. Lumley, of Her Majesty's Theatre, is good enough, at the commencement of every season to place my name on the free list of his establishment; yet I declare that during the summer last past I missed seeing Piccolomini no less than eleven times, owing to my horror for the tail-coat. Yet it is astonishing what importance is attached to this ludicrous, unseemly, unmeaning garment. They won't let you look at the pictures in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg unless you have a tail-coat on; you must even pay your morning visits in the vile thing; and a Russian countess, to whom I once had a letter of introduction, positively cut me after the first interview, because I called on her in a out-away coat. It was from a Petropolitan tailor, too, and had cost me forty roubles, cash. "*Il est venu me voir en froc: un epicier: qu'on!"*" she said.

The views of Doctor Ionides with respect to the proper costume to be worn at a *bal masque* were of a nature totally opposed to those entertained by his friend. The Doctor had a pictorial taste and picturesque imagination, and delighted in gay and rich apparel. He had revolved in his mind the relative expediency of an almost infinite variety of fancy dresses, including those of a male *débardeur*, *à fort de la halle* and a *pierrrot*, and had at last fixed upon an astounding equipment, certainly appertaining to no particular age or country, but which partook of the characteristics of all. It consisted of a cuirass formed of gilt scales, a scarlet mantle, a plaid skirt, flashings, top-boots, a Roman helmet and a tremendously long Spanish rapier. The Doctor had preserved the use of his green spectacles; and, after much anxious deliberation and nice weighing of the proprieties of the thing, he had determined on affixing to his already sufficiently developed nasal organ an enormous false nose in pasteboard, coloured in the most violent red. This, as the novelists, who delight in describing the wardrobes of the last century, say, "completed his costume;" and he was in the act of fixing on the rubicund appendage I have alluded to, at this same time of eleven of the clock.

"A touch of rouge on either cheek," the Doctor remarked, complacently, "and I am entirely at your service. Am I going to wear white kid gloves? Certainly not. I see that you are about to assume those luxuries; but I reprobate them: in the first place, because I consider them to be vanities, mockeries, delusions and snares; secondly, because lemon-coloured kids are more fashionable; thirdly, because no human glove ever made a pair of kids sufficiently large to fit these hands of mine."

He held out, as he spoke, a gigantic pair of hands, the fingers in their gnarled thickness and clumsiness strongly resembling the great crimson wooden monstrosities that hang over glovers' shops. They were not very unlike them in colour, either.

Both were now ready for departure; and Doctor Ionides was suggesting the expediency of blowing out the candles, and telling the *concierge* to fetch a vehicle to convey them to the opera-house in the Rue Lepelletier, when Philip stopped him.

"Before we start on this expedition, POLLYBLANK," he commenced—

"Ionides, Ionides, my dear friend," interrupted the other, holding up one of the large hands with a gesture of caution. "Doctor Ionides, if you please. Pollyblank, if that mythical personage ever existed, is dead and buried. Transported beyond the seas for the term of his natural life. Confined in one of the secret dungeons of the Spielberg. He languishes beneath the *poimbi* of the ducal palace of Venice. He is at Cayenne, at Noukioa. He is in a chain-gang at Perth, Swan River, Western Australia. He went up in a balloon, and has never since been heard of. Pollyblank was blown to pieces in the Gunpowder Plot; and Ionides rose Phoenix-like, from his ashes. Pray be cautious, imprudent youth, Even French lodging-house walls may have ears, and little birds may be waiting round the corners to carry the name of Pollyblank to his Majesty's justices of the peace, the judges of his Majesty's Central Criminal Court, and the governors of his Majesty's jail."

"Well, then, Ionides—Doctor Ionides, if you like."

"I am all attention."

"Tell me then, what is to be our definite and settled purpose to-night?"

"Have you come all these miles without knowing it?" the Doctor somewhat disdainfully asked. "What a man of wind and water you are, to be sure. Didn't our gracious lady give you ample instructions? Doesn't your own sense of wrong and outrage tell you plainly what course you ought to adopt? Is there any purpose on earth for which you ought to have come here but to kill Lord Baddington?"

"I don't like killing a man in cold blood," was Philip's reply. He had thrown himself on a sofa, and was moving himself restlessly about. "It seems dastardly, mean, cruel. If you had allowed me to speak to him in that cigar-shop, where he sat with his toad-eaters, grinning at me like a baboon, I would have told him that he was a ruffian, and knocked him down then and there. If he had chosen to challenge and fight me afterwards, well and good. But I can't bear the thought of going to a masquerade for the express purpose of quarrelling with a man, however great a scoundrel he may be, and fighting a duel with him. It's taking a low, cowardly advantage."

"Not so great an advantage," the Doctor complacently retorted.

"Can you fence?"

"Very little."

"Supposing that he, being the insulted party, and having the right to the choice of weapons, were to choose swords? They fight a good deal with swords in France."

"Well!"

"Suppose that he, being a cavalry officer—a blustering, swaggering, dragon—were to know how to use his sabre to his advantage?"

"What then?"

"Supposing—to put an end to supposition—that he were to kill you instead of your killing him?"

"I should be out of a world I am sick of."

"Misanthropy granted—and I don't believe in yours, by the way; for I am satisfied that there is nothing you would like better than to live to be fifty years of age, and to have five thousand a-year—the advantage is neither on one side nor the other. As regards my not permitting you to have a collision with the fellow in the

cigar shop, I had my reasons for that. I am acting, I have acted all along, under instructions. If it hadn't been for me, you would never have known where to find the man who has robbed you of your sweetheart, and who, by the living jingo, has seduced her."

"It's a lie," cried Philip, starting up from the sofa, with a fierce cry of rage. "Villain as he is, he has never dared to wrong her. She resisted him before. She had resisted him now successfully."

"I tell you," Doctor Ionides repeated with bitter emphasis, "that he has seduced her; that she is his mistress; that he is living with her in a snug little *apartment* in the Rue Talbott. They go to the theatre together; they drive into the Bois de Boulogne together; they will be at the masquerade together, this very night."

"I say again that it is false."

"Bah! we are men. Don't let's have any more child's talk about it. Now look you here, Philip Leslie. You know me well enough by this time. Known me as conjuror, mountebank, adventurer, convict, forger, scoundrel; anything you like. But I am a bigger man than you, simply because I have a will. You boasted of yours just now, Philip! What is it?—a card of pigeon's milk, a cobweb net, a rope of sand? If that will had been properly directed twenty years ago it might have made me a very different man. It might have made me honest, industrious, prosperous; it might have made me a happy man at home, with children round my knees. But it is too late to talk of all that now. Jack Pollyblank's will, that he brags so much about, has only served to guide him through dark and crooked ways, and he is alone now—desolate, lost; with no one but the devil to help him, for Heaven will not."

He uttered these last words in accents very different from the boastful defiant swagger of fiction in which he ordinarily indulged. He paused, and was for some moments silent, standing there a strange sight in his absurd and uncouth dress, his huge beard, and green spectacles. Who would believe me if I were to say that the spectacles were, if only for a moment, dimmed with an unaccustomed moisture, and that two drops of brine rolled down the painted cheeks of Jack Pollyblank?

Soundrels are human. Thieves are not always chivalrous; they think sometimes of their childhood—of the time before they thieved. The man who murdered the Italian boy set him to play with his children before he slew him.

"I have wandered from the subject," Doctor Ionides resumed, in an altered voice; "and, unless I am very much mistaken, the hand of the clock points to twenty to twelve. We must be at the 'crib' by midnight. All the fun of the fair begins at midnight. Before we go, I have one little thing to ask you. Are you very much in love with Manuella?"

"How can you ask me?" the Painter cried, indignantly. "Because I firmly believe that you don't care twopenny-halfpenny about her. You are angry with this sprig of nobility for making you ridiculous, and would like to shoot him, if you had a chance; but as regards the girl, I think you are of the opinion of the gentleman who dismounted from the mare that was a kicker, and that you think you are 'well out of it.' Isn't that so?"

"I shall not answer your question," Philip replied moodily. "You seem to be my Mephistopheles, and to surround me with your infernal spells and enchantments. Now that the girl has jilted me, that fop of a Lord, you, or anybody—down to the shoeblack on the Boulevard yonder,—may have her for me. But I did love her very dearly."

"You did nothing of the sort," was the pertinacious denial of the Doctor. "If you had valued her two straws, you would not have suffered me, whose former and peculiar acquaintance with little Manuella you remember, to have any think to do with the matter. Philip Leslie, I will tell you with whom you have all along been in love, and with whom you are in love now."

The blood mantled up to Philip's forehead when he heard those words. He began to stammer out an indignant denial; but checked himself, and said, simply:—

"And with whom am I in love, pray, since you know my affairs so well?"

"With the mistress of us all—Généviève, Viscountess Baddington."

"You are exceedingly insolent, Mr. Poll-Doctor Ionides."

"I always was troubled with that complaint," replied the Doctor coolly. "I slept next to an impudent boy at school, and perhaps I caught it from him. It's no good you telling me that you're not in love with the bewitching Viscountess. I am. I am of a loving disposition. Didn't I make love to Manuella, once upon a time? We all are. Now, without pressing you too hard, for I see you're chafing like a horse under a hard bit, wouldn't you do anything in the world to please the lady who has been your benefactress; and is your friend?"

"Anything—everything!" Philip cried, enthusiastically. "Wouldn't you obey her slightest commands?"—"I would!"

"Well, then, not her slight, but her serious commands are; that you obey me in every particular. Will this satisfy you?"

He handed Philip a tiny slip of rose-coloured paper in a scented envelope. The contents were in Lady Baddington's beautiful Italian hand—Philip knew it well; for her Ladyship had, on more than one occasion, condescended to write to him. In this billet she intimated her wish that he should follow implicitly the directions given him by the person who accompanied him to Paris. And it was signed G.—G for Généviève; it is to be presumed; for her Ladyship had, when she so chose, none of the ordinary haughtiness of rank, and was fond of calling herself by her own pretty Christian name.

Philip returned the missive—he could not doubt its authenticity—with a deep sigh; and Doctor Ionides, once more becoming the humorous philosopher, whose guise he generally affected, surveyed himself with great complacency in a cheval glass, and then, humming a cheerful tune, intimated his opinion that it was pretty nearly time to be moving.

The pair cast long cloaks over their shoulders—long cloaks were worn in 1836—and descending the stairs, were soon ensconced in a *fiacre*, and on their way to the Grand Opera.

(To be continued.)

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.—Every one will be glad to hear that the annual meeting of the Trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace and Museum, held at Stratford-upon-Avon on Monday, was a pleasant and satisfactory one. The number of visitors to the birthplace during the year has been upwards of 4,500, being 2,000 more than of the preceding year. A large increase has been made in the library, chiefly by gifts from Mr. Halliwell. The library now possesses thirty-six separate editions of Shakespeare's works. A catalogue of the books and articles in the museum has been compiled by Mr. Clarence Hopper, under the superintendence of Mr. Halliwell, and forms an octavo volume of 189 pages. The last year's account of the birthplace left a balance against the trustees of £7 16s. 8d.; but the increased receipts of the year now enabled them to discharge that balance, pay off nearly £60 of the debt, and leave a balance in the treasurer's hands of £4 16s. 6d. Mr. Henry Huth and Mr. F. W. Colburn have become life trustees. —*Athenæum*.

FIRE AT ALDERHOT.—On Monday a serious fire occurred at Alderhot, which in the short space of an hour destroyed three houses and shops. The fire broke out in a wooden erection—shop and dwelling-house—in the occupation of Mr. Daly, a dealer in engravings and picture frame maker, which, together with a shop and dwelling-house which had just been restored after a previous fire, and the house adjoining, in the occupation of Mr. Stone, saddler, were burnt out. The damage is roughly estimated at £12,000, only a portion of which is covered by insurance.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE opening of the Exhibition of Paintings is always a very noticeable event in Parisian society. Pictures are much appreciated in this gay capital; the taste for them has now spread widely into the provinces, and into classes of society which do not rank among the upper ten. There is in consequence a good deal of curiosity as to what will be exhibited, and when the doors are once opened the public eagerly avail themselves of the fact; every one suddenly appears converted into a critic, and if any special picture becomes popular, as a matter of course it furnishes a leading topic of conversation in both fashionable and unfashionable drawing-rooms. All last week the Exhibition Rooms (which are very vast) were crowded; circulating through them with ease was an impossibility. The weather was warm and brilliant; the toilettes were gay, light, and sumptuous; and straw bonnets, which hitherto have been few and far between, appeared most numerous. Short dresses or at least round skirts, are now the only ones to be seen for walking. They are frequently made without any trimming, but still a pinked-out ruche looks well at the edge of silk skirts, and a plaiting à la vieille round lighter materials; the upper skirt, or the lower part of the cascade that simulates the upper skirt, forms an enormous bouffant at the back; and under this bouffant the ends of the universally worn Marie Antoinette fichu are fastened. The *élegantes*, I remark, have commenced wearing a small cape, called *Abbe de Cour*. It is square, and has no sleeves, and is one of those fanciful forms which probably will never be generally adopted; whereas the Marie Antoinette fichu seems almost obligatory with all new toilettes. Short costumes made of black silk and black cashmere, the skirts bordered with flounces trimmed with either lace or guipure, are worn in preference to anything else. Never was black more popular than at the present day, and it is more than probable that the taste for it will prevail even during the heat of summer.

The ball at the Opera, for the benefit of the wounded of all nations, was an admirable success. Although the tickets cost twenty francs a piece, the vast sale of the Opera was crowded, and twenty francs is considered high in Paris for a subscription ball, however insignificant the sum may appear to Londoners. The grand attraction was the list of patronesses; all the well-known names of the fashionable, diplomatic, official, and financial worlds figured in it. The decorations were splendid; in fact, the Opera House appeared to have been suddenly converted into a fairy palace. From the vestibule, palm trees, bananas, and a variety of exotic shrubs burst upon your view, and seemed growing out of everything, even out of the walls. The staircase and green room seemed all flowers, so profusely were they adorned, while the pit and the stage were converted into the ball-room. At the lower end the orchestra was placed; the music, I regret to say, was most indifferent. The centre of the amphitheatre had been altered and furnished as a salon, and here the brilliant group of lady patronesses was to be seen. The Empress occupied the Imperial box, and wore a fault dress of the bright shade of green called in England, I believe, "gas green." It was covered with tulle of the same colour, and her head-dress consisted of diamond leaves and flowers. Her Majesty wore round her throat black velvet studded with diamond flowerets; her berthe was of white tulle, divided by two rows of diamonds of such a size that I do not like to offer a comparison for fear of being suspected of exaggeration. As usual, her Majesty attracted every one by her graceful manner and fascinating style of beauty.

Among the ambassadors' wives I remarked first and foremost Princess Metternich, in a toilette which was quite an ideal of elegance. It consisted of pale pink tulle, with a tunic of pink silk shot with white, looped up with exquisitely made sprays of shaded pink geraniums. A diadem of diamond leaves for head-dress, and a necklace of a double row of diamonds.

Mme. Fleury wore pink also; her dress was striped pink and white, covered with white tulle, which was studded with small silver stars. The berthe consisted of a single row of point d'Angleterre. Her head-dress was a round wreath of white lilac, with a bunch of rosebuds at the side. Pearl and diamond ornaments.

Mme. Carrobert's dress was of rich pale green silk; at the back of the skirt a Camargo pouf of green tulle was supported by agrafes of water lilies with long green leaves. A beautiful water lily with leaves peculiar to the plant, formed the head-dress. The toilette involuntarily called to mind an Undine, and it harmonised well with the delicate fair beauty of its wearer.

The Baroness de Seebach wore white poult de soie, diamond ornaments, and a head-dress of white feathers and pink roses.

The Countess de Pourtales appeared in a rich black silk dress, a black tunic à la Pompadour, looped up at the back and sides, and trimmed with wide lace. A Bavarian order crossed her bust; the ribbon was black, white and sky-blue. Her beautiful fair hair was ornamented with black velvet bows and diamond stars; a humming bird, artistically copied in diamonds, was perched on the left side.

The Marchioness de Gallifet wore white silk looped up over a flounced white silk petticoat, with sprays of laburnum. The skirt appeared covered with ruches and pinked-out flounces, very tastefully arranged. A spray of laburnum on the bodice, and small sprays of similar flowers intermingling among the long curls.

In the boxes I remarked the Duchess de Mouchy wearing a white faille dress and a wreath of willow leaves in her hair; her ornaments were large emeralds and diamonds, a gift from the Emperor on her marriage. Her tunic was looped up with large agrafes of similar precious stones.

The Countess Fernandina wore white ribbed silk, the skirt bordered with a deep flounce of tulle sewn on with a narrow cross band of cerise satin, a cerise bow fringed at the ends on each shoulder, a wide cerise sash, and a small rose with diamonds in her hair.

As a rule the toilettes were very elegant, and many most costly. The number was so great, that it was difficult to carry away a distinct impression of even the most attractive. Rich silk tunics, looped up en paniers, appeared to be the favourite style. It is a very economical as well as useful fashion, for the same white silk tunic—cerise, straw colour, and green.

I saw very few coloured tulle dresses, but a large number of white ones, embroidered with bouquets of field flowers, and white sashes embroidered by hand to match the pattern on the dress. A very pretty toilette was composed of white tulle, the green silk tunic embroidered with wheat ears, and fringed with straw. Another successful toilette was a claret-coloured silk dress, with a double row of point d'Alençon arranged at the back of the skirt, and looped up in the centre by a claret bow; an immense diamond and emerald butterfly in the hair.

I have written so lengthily on this opera ball that I have little space left to tell of the splendid jewellery presented to the Princess of Mingrelia on her marriage. The bride elect has two brothers in the Russian service, and the corbeille de mariage is to contain some of the finest specimens of jewellery to be found in Paris.

The subject of costly jewels reminds me that some weeks ago I informed your readers that the Queen of Spain had sold her necklace to Mme. Musard for £24,000, and now the ex-Queen of Naples has followed the example. There was a beautiful necklace composed of medallions of pearls of immense size, with chains of diamonds connecting the medallions, that had belonged to the Neapolitan Royal family for generations; and this has recently been purchased by a French jeweller. It has been re-sold, I hear, for £15,000.—*Queen*.

THE GARDEN.

FORCING HOUSES.

VINETTES in which fruit is now ripening should be run up to a good maximum warmth, by the heat of the sun, say 94 deg. or 96 deg.; and if permitted again to fall below 70 deg. at night no harm will accrue thereby; indeed better flavour may be reckoned upon. And for this reason no fire will be needed in such structures upon nights following bright hot days, and when it is possible to secure so good a body of sun heat, which, boxed up, is readily retained until the morrow. Take care to stop, tie, and thin active vines in late houses. In performing this latter operation, always bear in mind the fact that late-keeping grapes require more thinning out than any others. If required to hang through the autumn months late into winter, air should be permitted late in the season to pass freely between the berries, otherwise damp and consequent decay will quickly find a lodgment therein. Independently, however, of this, I would caution gardeners against allowing too heavy crops to remain. Few things injure more, what would otherwise be a lengthened and well-reaped success, than this, in part commendable, anxiety to secure good crops. Pines.—Attend to former directions as regards general routine. Get ready a sufficiency of soil for the purpose, at an early date, of shifting all that need this operation. In regard to peach and nectarine houses, should a dull, sunless, or wet period ensue, it will be well to keep just a slight warmth in the pipes in houses where the fruit has made a final swelling, and is about to ripen.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

Peaches and nectarines in this department should now be gone over carefully over, any not having been thinned out finally should have this operation finished forthwith. Certain trees, it is more than probable, will also exhibit upon some portions of their outer surface symptoms of canker. This disease, doubtless, caused in part by frosts and excess of moisture in winter, will, if not stopped, quickly insinuate itself into the very heart of a branch, &c., to its almost certain destruction. In all such instances remove the gum which oozes out of the wound, make a clean incision with a keen-edged knife across the wound, so as to, if possible, remove the cankered portion, and afterwards apply "Thompson's Styptic" to the wound, or in lieu, sever a potato in two, and rub the wound well over with the pulp, adding afterwards, if the injured parts are large, a coating of fresh cow-dung. This little operation, which does not take longer in performance than is needful for its description, simple as it may appear, is calculated to be of much benefit to the trees. Should this dry period be of longer duration, it will be necessary for all who have peach and other borders confined to rather small places, and especially if with abruptly terminal slopes, to examine them carefully, and, if needful, to give a good soaking of water. Roots invariably suffer by a wet, damp, autumn, much more after the continuance of a rather dry spring than when a greater and more continuous uniformity of moisture exists throughout the growing period. If delayed so long, let me again advise the removal of all superabundant suckers from raspberries; three or four will be ample for each "stool."

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

Remove the awning from tulip beds immediately they are past their flowering period, and where seed is not required snap the capsules off immediately. Run the hoe carefully over the surface of the bed, and by this and all other means advance the ripening period. Remove in like manner the seed-vessels from rhododendrons and all similar shrubs immediately they shed the blooms. To allow these to remain one single day from such a date, too certainly impoverishes the parents. Propagate, if needful, double wallflowers, cistus, mauve pinks, Iberis, phloxes, &c., by placing the cuttings under hand-glasses in a shady position, or near the base of a north wall. Finish beds intended for dahlias, and in doing so bear in mind the fact that they can hardly be over rich for such gross feeders. Where not already done, finish digging up all other flower beds, and make every necessary preparation for immediate action in regard to duly furnishing them with the necessary "bedding stuff." Plant out 10-week and other spring-sown stocks as soon as they are fit for that purpose. Spring-struck cuttings of pansies should also be planted out in a partially-shaded border.

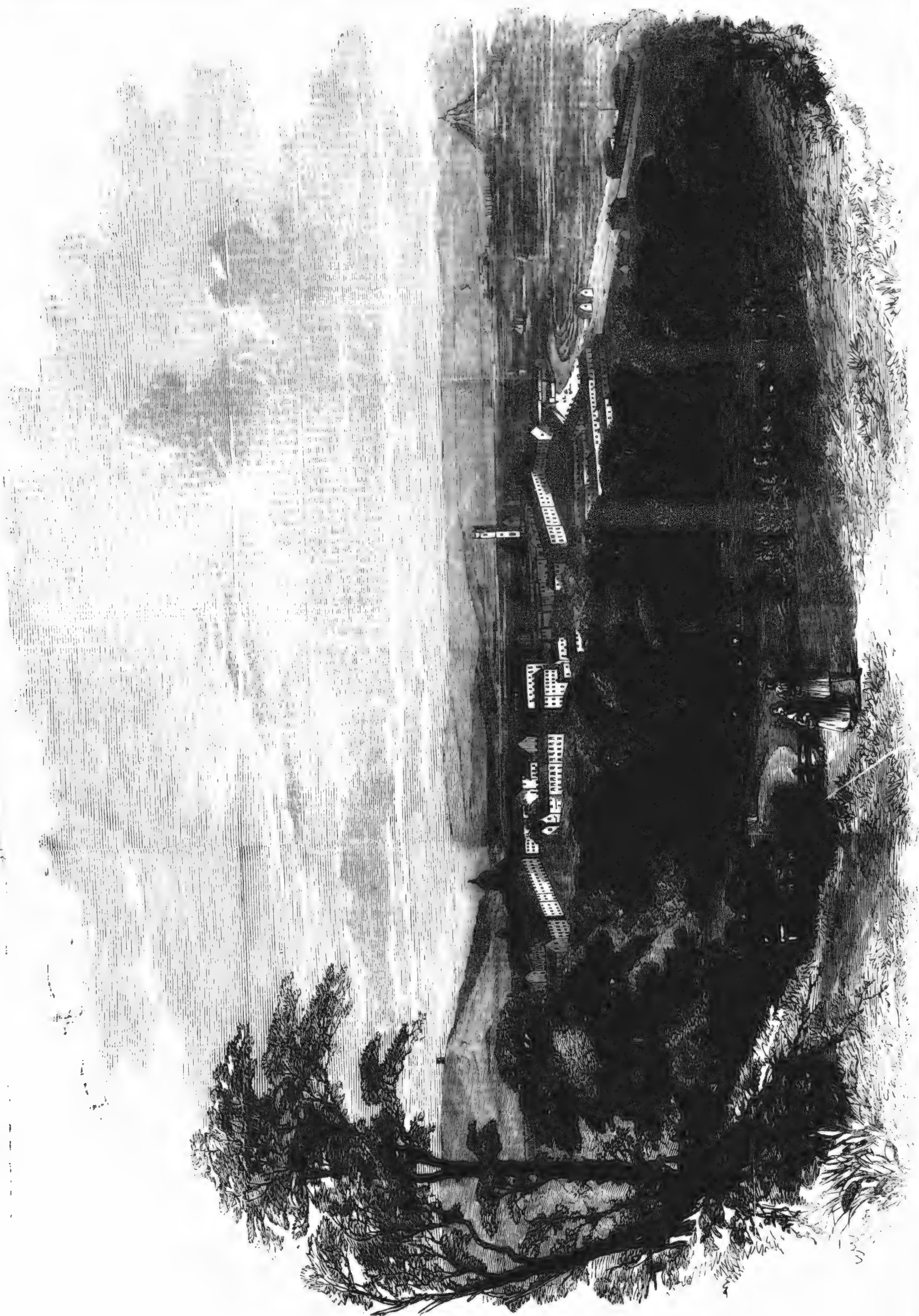
KITCHEN GARDEN.

Plant out at the base of south and south-east walls tomatoes and chilis, if they have been properly hardened off. Spring-sown lettuces, cauliflowers, and similar plants, pricked out of seed beds, and pushed forward quickly, may also now be planted out finally. Continue to earth up scarlet runners and dwarf French beans as they advance in growth. This will be the more needful as a protection against frost. Make another sowing of each at once, as a security against disappointment, should those already "through" get injured. Sow again the usual fortnightly supply of peas, beans, &c.; sow, in fact, frequently, in such quantities as are likely just to suffice. Frequent hoeings will now be needed to keep all neat and clean at this period.—*W. E. in the Gardener's Chronicle*.

CONFIRMATION OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

ON Thursday, says a Paris correspondent, a grand solemnity took place in the chapel of the Tuilleries; the Prince Imperial was confirmed by the Archbishop of Paris. Numberless had been the measures, proceedings, solicitations, made to obtain a place at this religious ceremony. It was said that the Prince would be confirmed in the beautiful little church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, opposite the Louvre; then the Cathedral of Notre Dame was spoken of; but the Empress, wishing that it should take place in an atmosphere of calm and quiet, decided on the chapel of the palace, and arranged that only the Imperial family and household should be invited. This rule was so rigorously followed that those members of the household who took their sons and daughters were mercilessly separated from their children at the door. The chapel was hung with crimson and gold, flowers decorated the altar; in one of the two galleries were all the Prince's little friends, the sons of General Fleury, Monsieur Conneau, and others; in the centre of the chapel, in front of the altar, was a crimson arm-chair and *prie-Dieu* for the little Prince; and to the right, vertically to the child's seat, were the places of the Emperor and Empress. In the organ loft were Auber, Leborne, Jules Cohen, the organist, Mme. Block, Faure, and Mauduit. At half-past nine a march was played, and as the *cortège* of the Court and household filed into the chapel, in the interior of the palace was announced "The Emperor," and the word was repeated through the rooms until the bass voice of Thirion pronounced it on the threshold of the chapel. Before the Emperor walked the Empress, in *toilette de ville*, and the Prince in black. They were received by the Archbishop of Paris, all the clergy composing the Grand Almonry; the officiating priests wore robes of cloth of gold. The music was admirable. Faure sang a *cantique* set to some old music, very sweet and solemn, to which Auber had given some happy touches; then when the "O salutaris" had been performed, the Prince accomplished the solemn act. The child then returned to his seat, and the "Domine salvum" burst from all the voices of the orchestra.

By the wish of the Empress, fifty francs have been given to every child in France born on the same day as the Prince Imperial; the number known is 3,000.



CORNWALL

AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

We have received the following for publication:—The proposition to hold an exhibition in London, of objects of an aeronautical character, having met with encouragement, the council have determined to act upon the proposition, with the hope that the guarantee and prize fund will be materially increased. The objects hitherto announced by members for exhibition promise interesting features for the engineer and mechanic, and there will not be wanting experiments of a practical character, which can scarcely fail to interest the general public.

The objects are classified as—1. Light engines and machinery. 2. Complete working aerial apparatus. 3. Models. 4. Ditto (working). 5. Plans and illustrative drawings. 6. Separate articles connected with aeronautics, including objects of interest illustrative and commemorative of previous experiments. 7. Kites or other similar apparatus proposed to be used in cases of shipwreck, traction, or in attainment of other useful ends. 8. Painting and drawing of cloud scenery and landscape as seen from a balloon.

The exhibition will be opened on Thursday, the 25th June, at the Crystal Palace. There will be no charge for space. Each exhibited article must be accompanied by a large card or placard in duplicate, having conspicuously printed its name and object.

During the exhibition, daily experiments and partial ascents will be made in a captive balloon, upon the plan lately pursued in Paris by M. Giffard. This gentleman's experiments, confined to an altitude of 1,000 feet, were greatly appreciated by the higher classes, who crowded to take advantage of the opportunity to ascend to that height. Messrs. Domange and Delamarne's

COSTLESS VENTILATION.

THE return of warm weather renders necessary a greater amount of ventilation than has been practised during winter, and we are therefore desirous to call attention to a very simple mode which we ourselves have practised with great advantage in sitting-rooms, offices, and bed-rooms, but which was, we believe, first suggested by Mr. Bird, F.R.C.S., whose abridged description of the plan is as follows:—

"The method is simple, economical, quite free from draught, and does not get out of order. All that is necessary is to raise the lower sash of the window, and place in the opening at the bottom a piece of wood the full width of the window, and of any approved depth—from two to three inches is sufficient. This leaves a corresponding space between the sashes in the middle of the window, through which the current of air is directed upwards towards the ceiling, and is driven so high as to be warmed before it descends. The principle may be modified in various ways: in a word, open the lower sash of the window two or three inches, and block it up anyhow, and the air enters the space in the middle and is carried to the ceiling.

"It will be seen that this simple plan is adapted for the cottages of the poor and the mansions of the rich; in the latter, however, the draperies must be arranged so as not to interfere with the current of air towards the ceiling; it may be used in any weather day and night, summer and winter; indeed, in the house of a medical friend, to whom I had demonstrated the plan, to insure constant action, the window of his reception room had been nailed open, and the same is the case in several rooms in my own house during the milder months of the year.

lower sash with great advantage to the comfort and health of the inmates in several crowded offices, and in small bed rooms, and can strongly recommend it from practical experience. The second method of admitting fresh air without a draught by the aid of the inclined plane of calico which directs the fresh air towards the ceiling is apparently as well adapted to crowded rooms, as the other is to ordinary dwelling places.

VIEW OF PENZANCE.

PENZANCE is the most westerly town in England. The name of the town is said to be derived from the "Holy Headland," a Chapel having formerly stood on the point where the present pier stands. In later days this place was denominated "Bariton," or Castle Town. The Barbican cellars, near the quay, denote where once the castle stood. In July, 1595, a party of Spaniards landed at Mousehole, and having laid waste that village and Newlyn, commenced an attack upon Penzance, and destroyed it by fire, and then retired into their galleys. In 1646 this town was sacked by Fairfax. Penzance was first incorporated in 1614, which charter was confirmed by Charles II. The Town or Guildhall is a building of granite, in the Doric style, and stands upon the site of the old market-place, it was built in 1837. Surmounting the building, and in the centre, is a handsome dome, the interior of which is used for the Natural History and Antiquarian Societies' Museum; and from this room the finest views around Penzance are to be seen. Immediately beneath the dome is the butchers' market, which is in spacious and well regulated. The Guildhall, or justice-room, is the front of the building, approached by a flight of steps, covered over with an Ionic trystyle portico, in which is an



SHERE ALI KHAN, RULER OF AFFGHANISTAN.

"Ballon Captif" has been engaged for this purpose, under the management of M. Delamarne, who will inflate it with gas especially manufactured under his superintendence; and it is proposed to make successive ascents to at least 1,000 feet. The car of this aërostat is three yards square, and will accommodate fourteen persons. Mr. Glaisher will largely avail himself of the opportunity here afforded for the meteorological experiments during the captive ascents both by day and night. During the latter, the power of the magnesium lamp will be tested, both as to the distance from which it can be seen at different elevations, and its own powers of illumination. Similar experiments not confined to the magnesium light will be conducted.

Each member of the society will be entitled to an ascent during the daytime free of charge. Applications for a ticket, to admit members only, to be made to the hon. secretary, who will also, upon application, furnish a free pass to the exhibition.

Balloons for free ascents it is hoped will also be held in readiness, under the guidance of experienced aeronauts, for the accommodation of visitors who may engage to make an aerial excursion.

THE LANDED INTEREST.—Another practical instance of the good-will and fellowship, combined with love of agricultural improvement, which often distinguish the landed interest, is thus recorded in the *Banffshire Journal*:—"Public notice has already been taken, and deservedly so, of the fact that Mr. Grant, of Knockando, presented, but a short time ago, to his tenants three pure shorthorn bulls, for which a very high figure, we believe, was paid. But even this handsome gift has been, within the last few days, eclipsed by another yet more handsome. No fewer than 13 two-year old Highland queys have just been given, by the same generous donor, to as many tenants on his estate. The animals, we understand, have been selected by a competent judge of this class of stock, and, as was to be expected, are first-class. An improvement in the character of the live stock of the parish can hardly help following such a proceeding."

"But, although the above plan answers for ordinary daily ventilation, for windows without overhanging drapery—at night, with gas in crowded rooms, it is not at all equal to the occasion. In these cases the following costless and efficacious plan may be adopted, and which may be used with overhanging draperies.

"At 9in. above the height of an ordinary person, say 6ft. 6in. place a small hook in moulding of shutter case, furthest from the window, on each side, and another hook 2in. below the moulding on each side, close to the window sill; tightly stretch across the window a length of linen or calico, with small loops or rings to attach to the four hooks; this forms what is, I believe, technically called a 'hopper.' Throw up the lower sash as required, and draw the blind down to the lower rail of the window sash wherever it may be. The air enters in full volume, strikes against the broad surface of the calico, and is directed upwards towards the ceiling. Here is the advantage of a window more or less open, with privacy and without draught. When not in use, this calico can be rolled up into a very small compass.

"The following facts may interest your readers. Before adopting these two plans, the temperature of my room was generally, at the ceiling, with four gas jets lighted, at 80 degrees; four feet from the floor, 65 degrees; now the two thermometers are generally within one degree of each other. In such a wholesome atmosphere the social meal, with 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul,' most pleasantly runs on; probably because an *al fresco* spread is more exhilarating than one in a deleterious atmosphere. So highly do I appreciate ventilation, that I am not satisfied if I enter my home from the outside air and detect a perceptible deficiency of atmospheric purity within.

"Unpatented, I with pleasure give the result of my investigations to my readers, wishing them to try the costless experiment with a piece of wood and calico, and judge for themselves; feeling assured they will find these plans recommend themselves by their simplicity, costlessness, and efficiency."

We may remark that we have adopted this mode of raising the

illuminated clock; this room is used for holding the sessions, county-courts, &c.

In 1772 the western arm of the pier was built; its foundation is upon a vein of felspar porphyry, which at low water is exposed to view. A new lighthouse has been erected on the outward extremity of the eastern extension. The pilchard fishery is carried on to a considerable extent in the adjoining neighbourhood of St. Paul and Newlyn. The Battery rocks, westward, are composed of greenstone.

The parish church is at Madron, 1½ mile north. The church of St. Mary, in Chapel-street, is a chapel of ease to Madron; it was rebuilt in 1834, and is an extremely handsome building in the second and third pointed style of architecture, and pinnacled, and has a lofty tower containing only one bell: the interior is spacious. The chapel of St. Paul is in Clarence-street.

The Roman Catholic Chapel, on the Rosevean-road, is a fine edifice. The Baptist Chapel in Clarence-street is a substantial building in the Norman style of architecture. There are chapels for Wesleyan Methodists, Methodist Free Church, Primitive Methodists, Independents, Society of Friends, BibleChristians, and Jordan Baptists, and a synagogue.

The Dispensary is in Chapel-street. In a large building in Parade-street are the Public Subscription Library, the Institute News Room, and the Savings Bank. The Royal Geological Society, in North Parade, was established in 1814, by Dr. Paris; it now ranks amongst the most distinguished institutions in the kingdom.

CITY HAT COMPANY's only retail address is Nos. 109, 110, and 3, SHOE-LANE, exactly EIGHT doors from Fleet-street. Particular attention is called to the distance of the premises from Fleet-street, the great success of the CITY HAT COMPANY having caused several imitators to open shops in the same vicinity with names very similar.—WALKER and FORTESCUE, Managers. —[ADVT.]

LAW AND POLICE.

THE MURDEROUS ATTACK ON INSPECTOR BRADSTOCK.—Joseph Smith, the tailor charged with stabbing Inspector Bradstock, of the A division, with a large pair of scissors, was brought up on remand before Mr. Flowers. During the morning, while confined in the cell, awaiting his examination, the prisoner had amused himself by making a variety of unearthly noises, and when remonstrated with coolly said that he was not right in his head, owing to an injury received some years back. It was found necessary to remove him to the station-house opposite, and after a couple of hours' seclusion there he became somewhat less violent. Upon being placed at the bar, however, he began talking nonsense with more volubility than coherence. Inspector Baldrey stated that Inspector Bradstock was still confined to his bed from the injuries received from the prisoner. With respect to the two wounds in the neck which had at first been thought the most dangerous, it now appeared that they were healing, and so far there was little to be apprehended. But with regard to the wound on the arm, the matter was more serious, as erysipelas had set in. It was necessary to ask for a further adjournment to await the result as to Mr. Bradstock's recovery, or otherwise, from his injuries. Mr. Flowers said that, under the circumstances, of course he should remand the prisoner. The prisoner said he hoped he should not be sent back to the same place (the House of Detention). In the interval of remand he had been subjected to much ill-usage. The officers had been practising with firearms, shooting at him, besides making fires in his cell, and attempting to burn him alive. He trusted the magistrate would protect him, as his life was in danger. Mr. Flowers: You seem to think that a very serious matter, but you don't consider that the inspector's life is in danger. The prisoner: It is his own fault. He should have meddled with me. Mr. Flowers: Meddle with you! He only brought you some water, which you had asked for. Mr. Flowers asked if there was any report from the House of Detention as to the prisoner's state of mind?—Redstall, the gaoler, said there was not. No doubt there would have been if there had been any sign of derangement. The prisoner: Jack Ketch was after me. Redstall: He appeared rational enough when first brought here. The prisoner (to Redstall): But I hope he will have you first. (A laugh.) The prisoner was again remanded.

A DETERMINED WOMAN.—A well-dressed woman, about thirty years of age, who had given the name of Jane Wilde, but who apparently evaded the question as to her address by saying she had no fixed residence, was brought before the Lord Mayor, on remand, charged with assaulting a gentleman in Threadneedle-street, by striking him on the head with a stick. The prisoner was originally charged before Alderman Sir Robert Carden, on Thursday last; and on that occasion Mr. George Henry Aston, residing in Russell-square, was called as a witness, and said the prisoner came behind him in Threadneedle-street and struck him violently several times with the stick produced, which he took from her. She spoke so quickly that he did not know what she said at the time. Some years ago he knew her, and about two years since she destroyed pictures in his house worth about £200. For that she was tried at the Middlesex Sessions, and bound over to keep the peace and to come up for judgment when called upon. He called the Bank porter and gave her into custody. His head bled from the blow. He had not spoken to her for two years. The complainant produced the stick, which was short and thick, and showed the lining of his hat, smeared with blood. The prisoner, replying to the charge, made a statement in justification or explanation, referring to matters of a private nature, part of which the complainant emphatically denied, and which Sir Robert Carden stopped, on the ground of its irrelevancy to the matter in hand, and requested her to confine herself to the assault. She was evidently labouring under a sense of wrong, real or otherwise. She said in effect, and in excuse for the assault, that her mind was so affected by the complainant's conduct towards her sister that she could not govern her feelings whenever she saw him. The Complainant denied the imputation as to the sister. On that state of circumstances the prisoner had been remanded, and Mr. W. J. Payne, addressing the Lord Mayor, said in this case the prisoner was charged with an assault committed on the person of a gentleman in this City, and was in the first instance brought before Alderman Sir Robert Carden, and remanded until now. About two years ago the prisoner was tried and convicted at the Middlesex Sessions on an indictment which charged her with destroying property of the value of £200 belonging to the present prosecutor, and was bound over on her own recognisance in £100 to keep the peace towards him. She was then told, however, that the recognisances would not be put in force if she refrained from annoying or disturbing the prosecutor, and she then promised verbally, as well as by letter, that she would not molest him in any way. No communication afterwards took place between him and her, but he had since received, through third parties, letters of the vilest and most offensive description. He (Mr. Payne) did not want to mention the name of the prosecutor again; but he might say that on Thursday last, while pursuing his vocation at the Bank of England, his client met the prisoner, who thereupon struck him with a thick stick, smashing his hat, and inflicting a wound upon his head, which bled a good deal. He was also bruised very much about the shoulders by the blows she dealt him. Upon that he gave her into custody, and she was taken, as he had said, before Sir Robert Carden, and remanded. He (Mr. Payne) had now to ask that the prisoner might be remanded again until Friday. Meanwhile the prisoner, being virtually in the hands of Sir William Bodkin on her recognisances, he would on or before that day make an application for a warrant or order to have the prisoner taken before the judge at the Middlesex Sessions in order that the Court, if it should so please, might deal with her on the original charge of which she was there convicted. He had spoken to Mr. Oke, the chief clerk to the Lord Mayor, on the subject, and he had said it was competent for him to take that course. The Lord Mayor assenting to the application, remanded the prisoner accordingly.

THE ATTEMPTED MURDER BY BOYS IN THE CITY.—On Monday, at the Justice-room of the Mansion House, the two boys, Arthur Forrester Smith, aged 14, and Hector Augustus Smith, aged 12, who stand charged with the murderous assault upon Mrs. Mary Ann Nunn, the housekeeper, at 2, Catherine-court, Seething-lane, on the evening of Friday, the 1st of May, with intent to kill her, were again brought before the Lord Mayor in custody of Detective Sergeants John Moss and Michael Haydon. Alderman Sir Benjamin Phillips was also upon the bench. The circumstances have been fully reported at each examination. Inspector Tilcock and Detective Sergeant Moss reported that the injured woman was going on favourably, and that now there was every hope of her recovery. There being no fresh evidence, the Lord Mayor remanded the prisoners for a week.

TURNING THE TABLES.—Mr. Henry Ives, principal warder at Millbank Penitentiary, and Harry and James Ives, his two sons residing at Holderness-terrace, South Lambeth, were charged before Mr. Elliott with assaulting a man named William Vick. The Complainant said he lodged at Mr. Ives' house, and on the night of the 8th inst., all the defendants broke open his door, while he was in bed, and commenced a most furious attack upon him, and beat him most unmercifully; in fact, he had been short-breathed and ill ever since. Complainant's daughter, aged 14, was called, and said that on the night in question, her father came home the worse for liquor, and beat her mother most brutally whilst she was in bed, and threatened that he would murder her. He also threatened witness and her little sister, and she could not tell what would have been the consequences had not Mr. Ives and

his sons rushed into the room to remove him. When he heard them he crept under some bedclothes on the ground, and a struggle ensued on Mr. Ives trying to remove her father, and prevent him again beating them. The elder defendant, in reply to the charge, said the man Vick was a most violent character, always beating and otherwise ill-using his wife and children. On the night in question he went home and found a crowd of some hundreds of persons attracted round the house by the poor wife's and children's screams. They begged him to go up and release the woman, which he did, followed by his two sons, and as the door was not opened they burst it in, but could not see Vick, who presently crept out from under some bedclothes, and grasping his legs threw him down and beat him shamefully. Vick then snatched up a poker and struck a blow at his head, but it went against the door, which had been shut by James, and bent it nearly double, or he must have been killed. He had actually held his little girl over the parapet of Vauxhall-bridge and threatened to drown her if she spoke against him at the police court upon the summons. William Vick was then ordered into custody, and the previous statements having been sworn to, the wife was sworn and gave a fearful statement of his habitual brutality, and said she was sure he would carry out his threats and murder her and her child. Mr. Elliott dismissed the summons and ordered the prisoner Vick to find good bail for six months to keep the peace. The Prisoner was removed in the van.

THE SERVANT GIRL AND HER MASTER.—Mr. Paul Roux, a retired officer of the Austrian army, whose left breast was adorned with decorations and orders, was summoned before Mr. Burcham for committing an aggravated assault upon Sarah Meynell, his domestic servant, in Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road. Mr. H. Allen, the prosecuting officer of the Associate Institute for Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women, watched the case on behalf of the society. The complainant said that on Tuesday night, the 12th inst., she took the candle to the defendant on the landing, for him to go to bed. Because she had not brought him two, he took up the candlestick and threw it at her head, hurting her very much. Mr. Burcham: What did he do that for? Witness: Because we won't allow him two candles to go to bed with. When he has two he moves about the house all night, making such noises that no one can sleep. Mr. Burcham: Has he a wife living with him? Witness: Oh, yes, sir. She turned him out of her room because he misbehaved himself. (Laughter.) Defendant: Oh, your worship, the young woman struck me with my walking stick on the night in question, and slapped my face. Complainant: I certainly did strike him with the walking stick for my own protection, and I have frequently given him a thrashing. (Laughter.) Mr. Burcham: How long have you been in his service? Witness: Four years, sir. Mr. Burcham: Why do you remain with him if you cannot agree with him? Witness: Because I don't like to leave his wife, as he ill-treats her at times. Mr. Burcham: Are there any children? Witness: Yes, sir. The youngest girl is 17 years of age, but they don't interfere. The defendant at times drinks a little too much, and then he is very violent and pitches into me. However, I generally give him as good as he gives me. (Laughter.) Mr. Burcham: Do you hurt each other? Witness: Sometimes, sir. I dare say we can both show bruises. (Renewed laughter.) In defence, Mr. Roux said that he threw the candlestick at her because she insulted him. Mr. Burcham observed that, from what the complainant admitted, if he found her master over he must also bind her over to keep the peace, as it would not do for one to have all the kicks and cuffs. He therefore adjourned the case for a month, and hoped they would both refrain from further violence.

DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO MURDER.

WILLIAM EVISON, a labourer, residing in Stanmore-street, Somers-town, a tall, powerfully-built man, was charged before Mr. Cooke with feloniously assaulting his wife, Sarah Ann Evison, with a hatchet; and further with assaulting Phillip Curtis, and Police-constable Daniel Connor, 211 Y, in the execution of his duty, at the same time and place. Defendant's face was covered with scratches, and he appeared as if he had been drinking heavily.

Mr. Ricketts, solicitor, of Frederick-street, Gray's-inn-road, appeared for the prosecution; and Mr. H. Allen, of the Associate Institute for Improving and Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women, watched the case. Mrs. Sarah Ann Evison, the left side of whose eye was cut, and who produced a bundle of clothes that were covered with blood, said: On Sunday night, about twelve o'clock, my husband came home drunk, and brought home with him a young man to supper, who was sober, and who went away about a quarter to one. We have a lodger of the name of Phillip Curtis, who has lodged with me for more than seven years, and sleeps in our back room, which in the daytime my husband and myself use as a sitting-room. When the young man left I went to make Curtis a bed in the back room, and my husband said I was not to make it, and that Curtis was to make it himself.

Mr. Cooke: What relation is Curtis to you? The Defendant: He is her husband, and she had one before him, which with me makes three that she has alive now, without reckoning any more.

The Complainant said that Curtis was no relation, and continued: Whilst I was making the bed my husband came and struck me on the side of the head with the hatchet produced. He struck me with the keen edge of it, and said, with an oath, that he would do for the pair of us. Before my husband struck me I thought he was in bed in the front room. I saw the blow coming, and I stooped, or I should have been killed. As it was he cut me very severely on the side of the eye. After that he struck me with the hatchet on the side and on the arm, but fortunately I was not cut, but I am black and blue from the bruises. Curtis came to my assistance, or I should have been murdered. About three weeks since my husband took a razor to bed, and said he would murder me. He pulled out a handful of my hair.

The defendant: She has got three husbands, and I want to know where she was married first, and what is the reason that the man Curtis takes my place in bed by the side of her, if he is not her lawfully married husband.

The Complainant said, in answer to Mr. Ricketts, that there was no truth in the defendant's statement about Mr. Curtis sleeping with her, or that she had been married to him. Her husband had accused her of being too intimate with Curtis, but that was not the case now; he only did it because he was drunk. She saw her husband knock down Curtis, kneel on him, and ill-use him, and she thought that he intended to murder him, as Curtis screamed "Murder" and "Police."

Phillip Curtis, whose face was covered with scratches and bruises, said: I lodge with the complainant and the defendant. I saw the defendant come home on Saturday night at twelve o'clock. He was not sober. I let out the defendant's friend, and I heard him say to his wife that she was not to make my bed, and that I was to make it myself. I went upstairs and saw the defendant with a hatchet in his hand, and I saw him strike at her with it, but where he struck her I cannot say, as the candle was knocked out. I got a light as soon as I could, and then I saw that she was bleeding profusely from a wound on the side of the face. He sprang upon me, hit me with his fists, pulled my ears and my hair, and bumped my head on the floor. He said he would do for me, again got me down, and pulling out my hair by the roots, said he reckoned that there was no harm in killing a pig. I called "Murder" and went and fetched a police-constable, and when I got back with one I found the door bolted, and as the defendant would not open it the constable forced it open. The defendant and the constable had a sharp tussle and fell together. The defendant tried all his might

to throttle the police-constable, and got hold of him by the throat. After that the defendant got hold of a hammer and endeavoured to use it, but the constable would not let him, and held him face downwards.

Mr. Ricketts: Do you sleep with defendant's wife, as he says? Witness: No, sir. I know his wife, and lodged with her before the defendant came to her last Michaelmas.

You have heard the defendant say that you are married to his wife. Is that the fact?—No, sir; nor do I know when he was married.

Police-constable Daniel Connor, 211 Y, said: I was called to the house by a lad, who came to the station, and on reaching there I saw the defendant's wife with her face and neck covered with blood, which was running from a wound on the side of her face. The man Curtis had blood streaming from under his eye, and blood was all over his shirt. I ran upstairs to the first floor, knocked at the door, and desired the defendant to open it. He refused, and then I forced it open with my foot, and I then received a severe blow on the left cheek from the defendant's fist. I collared him, and we both fell in the struggle. We got up again, and directly I was up he got hold of my stock, and struggling we fell among the crockery and put the light out. We struggled on for some considerable time, and then the last witness came and assisted me. The defendant struck me several times on the face and body. He had been drinking freely, and appeared to be recovering from the effects of it.

Mr. Cooke having cautioned the defendant, asked him what he had got to say in answer to the charge.

The Defendant said: I married this woman in December last, and since then I have been told by Curtis that she was married to him, I believe, at Camberwell Old Church, the place he told me he was married at. I had a little drop to drink, and with that she said that Curtis was a better man than me, and that she liked him much better. That was enough to ruffle a man's temper. Previously I had told him that he must not keep with us, but she would not be "shot" of him. When I am at work late of a night they are out together, and then they "pop" in just before I come home. I have accused her several times of having him in bed with her, and told him to leave the house, but she would not let him. She had another husband at Bradford, who kept a public-house, but she aggravated him, and he knocked her about, and she has had two or three other men locked up. When I married and asked this man Curtis to go, why did he not do so? He is her lawful husband, for he told me so himself. I never used the hatchet, and I never had it in my hand. He attacked me when I got home like a bull-dog, and that is enough to vex a man.

Mr. Ricketts said that his client remarked that there was no foundation for the defendant's statement.

Mr. Cooke committed the defendant for trial, and refused to accept bail.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—The performance of "Don Giovanni," with Mdlle. Titiens as Donna Anna, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson as Donna Elvira, and Mdlle. Clara Kellogg as Zerlina, has proved eminently attractive, and on Wednesday and Saturday filled the theatre in every part. Besides the substitution of Mdlle. Nilsson for Mdlle. Sinico in the part of Elvira, there were two important changes in the cast, Mr. Santley resuming the character of Don Giovanni, in the stead of Signor Gassier, and Herr Rokitsansky doing duty for Signor Zoboli as Leporello. The last substitution was certainly the most desirable. Signor Zoboli has not the musical means for Leporello, and the performance in consequence lost greatly in his treatment. The voice of Herr Rokitsansky, on the other hand, is equal to all the exigencies of Mozart's factotum, and is indeed one of the finest, most capable, and powerful "profound basses" now before the public. Moreover, Herr Rokitsansky is an accomplished singer, and, if not overflowing with humour, is a very excellent actor, and one who is thoroughly up to the business of the scene. Such an artist cannot be dispensed with in Her Majesty's Opera Company, and his return on Wednesday evening was acknowledged warmly by the public. He gave the famous "Catalogue" song with unusual power and excellent dramatic effect, and in all the concerted music—more particularly in the first finale and grand set—his deep sonorous voice and fine singing set off Mozart's music to the best possible advantage. Mdlle. Nilsson can hardly be said to be quite suited in the part of Elvira, the music of which, nevertheless, was hardly ever sung more brilliantly and faultlessly than by this highly-accomplished and rarely-gifted songstress. The great air, "Mi tradi," indeed, was rendered with the perfection of a stringed instrument played by a first-rate executant. Mdlle. Titiens was as grand and thrilling as ever in the character of Donna Anna—one of her most powerful performances; but the success of the evening was indubitably with Mdlle. Kellogg, who sang and acted Zerlina with extraordinary effect, being encored in both her songs and in the duet with Don Giovanni. When, however, next Mdlle. Kellogg is encored in "Batti, Batti," we would recommend her, with deference, to repeat the air from the beginning, and not impair its effect by singing the last movement only. Mr. Santley improves nightly in Don Giovanni. On Wednesday night he was in splendid voice, and sang both the "Drinking Song" and the "Serenade" with masterly effect, the latter being vehemently encored. On Thursday evening the "Huguenots" was played for the first time this season, introducing a new tenor, Signor Ferenzi, in the part of Raoul. The other characters were sustained by Mesdames Titiens, Sinico, and Trebelli-Bettini, Messrs. Santley, Gassier, Rokitsansky, &c. Signor Ferenzi (or Herr Ferenzy) hails from Vienna, and is by no means devoid of talent. He is, however—or was on Thursday evening—incompetent to realise the power and significance which Meyerbeer has attached to the music, and must be heard again in the same part, or in another, before a fair judgment can be pronounced as to his merits. Of the rest of the performance it is enough to say that all passed off brilliantly, and that the nobles of Meyerbeer's operas was most worthily represented. On Saturday "Il Don Giovanni" was repeated.—Signor Mongini has arrived, and made his first appearance for this season on Thursday in "La Sonnambula," Mdlle. Clara Kellogg sustaining the part of Amina for the first time.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—The first grand note of preparation for the approaching jubilee at the Crystal Palace was heard on Friday evening at Exeter Hall. On that evening the initiatory rehearsal of the "London Contingent" of the amateur choir took place under the direction of Mr. Costa. The singers, amounting to nearly 2,000 voices, occupied not only the permanent orchestra, but additional platforms raised for the occasion, as well as the entire floor, the western gallery alone being set apart for a select number of visitors. Mr. Costa, as on previous occasions when similar great choral displays took place, occupied a raised platform in the centre, and thus commanded the whole vocal multitude. The singers, placed in numbered seats, were easily identified and communicated with by their respective superintendents. The effect produced by the 2,000 voices was stupendous, and the singing in almost every instance was satisfactory in the extreme. The choruses rehearsed were those which will be performed on the "selection day," taken chiefly from "Solomon," "Saul," "Judas Maccabeus," "Alexander's Feast," "Theodora," and "Semele." The great choruses, "Envy, eldest born of Hell," "Our Painting Courage," and "Hallelujah," from "Saul," and "From the Censor," from "Solomon," produced an effect impossible to describe, and spoke trumpet-tongued for the grand performance at the Crystal Palace next month. Mr. Costa exhibited his indomitable energy and surprising skill.

PIGEON SHOOTING AT WORMWOOD-SCRUBS.—A YOUNG MAN SHOT.

On Monday, Dr. Lankester, the coroner for Central Middlesex, presided over a jury at the Bank of England Tavern, Cambridge-place, Paddington, for the purpose of inquiring into the circumstances relating to the death of Isaac Williams, aged 21, who received a fatal injury from a gunshot wound while acting as an out-scout at prize pigeon shooting matches at Wormwood-scrubs.

It appeared that the deceased, who was a bricklayer, and a companion, named Robert Wellin commonly called "Chummy," went, with others, to Wormwood-scrubs for the purpose of shooting the escaped pigeons from the prize matches in the enclosed grounds, the birds having escaped the first fires being received by the out-scouts. The deceased required a certain gun which was in the possession of Wellin (his partner), but he declining to go on the ground as it was guarded by a notice board to trespassers, the deceased said "Hand it over." As the piece had been just used, Wellin reloaded, having brought down a bird, and had put a cap on the nipple of the lock, and, through the impetuosity of the deceased, he handed it not over the thickest hedge, but through it, muzzle forwards. The gun exploded, and the charge went through the right hand of the deceased. Notwithstanding the injury the deceased had received, he and Wellin remained till after the matches concluded, and divided the proceeds of their gain. In the evening deceased went to St. Mary's Hospital, and was admitted as an inmate, and died there on Saturday last from the effects of the wound.

Joseph Williams, brother of the deceased, living at Brook-green, said he went to the hospital to see his brother, when he told him that Wellin must have pulled the trigger while handing him the gun, as the (deceased) was determined to have it, and Wellin would not get over the hedge.

The Coroner: Well upon this statement, what did you do? That is a charge of murder.

Witness: I mentioned it to my brother and others, but I was so broken up that I did not know what to do. I do not think I shall recover it.

The Coroner: You have done very wrong, for upon such a statement you should have communicated with the authorities and had the dying depositions taken. At present your evidence goes for nothing.

Other evidence was given, showing that after the deceased had received the contents of the gun in his hand he ran away and called out, "Keep the dogs off!" He afterwards returned. He said nothing about being wilfully shot by his companion, but while in the hospital requested that "Chummy" should come and see him on the Sunday, as it was quite an accident.

Mr. George Field, house surgeon at St. Mary's Hospital, deposed to the admission of the deceased. The wound in his hand was rather dangerous, but not necessarily a fatal wound. He told witness that no one was to blame. He afterwards suffered from *delirium tremens*, and died on Saturday last from traumatic delirium. While in such condition he watched an opportunity and ran out from the hospital into Cambridge-place, where he broke the window glass of a cab, with his uninjured hand, which was standing in front of the hospital.

By the Coroner: The statement made to the brother as to Wellin having purposely fired the gun must have been while the deceased was in a state of delirium, as he had said otherwise.

It having been further shown that some remains of leaves from the hedge were attached to the lock of the gun, the opinion was that the gun was discharged by its being pulled through the hedge by deceased.

Several inhabitants of the locality were present, who had to drive past these shooting-grounds, and denounced them as highly dangerous, as being near the roadway. It was further said that the fire-arms used by the "out-scouts" were generally old, almost useless, and liable to cause death or serious injury. They thought the police should interfere.

A verdict of "Accidental death" was ultimately recorded.

ROBBING A FENIAN WITNESS.

At the Chester Police-court, on Saturday, John Coffey, one of the principal witnesses at the late Fenian trials in Ireland, preferred a charge of robbery against a lodging-house keeper and his wife named Conway, two women named Ryley and Clancy, and a man of the name of Moriarty. The prosecutor had received for his services as a witness at the trials in Ireland the sum of £100, and on Friday night he was travelling from Holyhead to Chester with Moriarty, having in his possession at the same time a bag containing 68 sovereigns. On arriving at Chester he went about with Moriarty to look for lodgings, and got into the company of the women Ryley and Clancy, with one of whom he went to the lodging-house kept by the Conways, which is situated in a low quarter of the town. Before going to bed he gave the woman Conway a bag containing 68 sovereigns, and in the morning she returned it minus 40 sovereigns. He appeared to have been drinking freely himself, and to have treated the persons into whose company he had fallen. The prisoners were remanded.

A SWEEP PROPERLY PUNISHED.—John Bottricht, about 20 years of age, a chimney-sweep, was charged with the following outrageous assault.—Agnes Brown, a respectable-looking young woman, stated that she resided at Fitzroy-place, Hampstead-road. On Friday afternoon, about five o'clock, she was about entering the gate in front of her house, when the prisoner in his sooty habiliments, placed himself in front of her and stopped her from entering. She requested him to move away, upon which he took his cap, partially filled with soot, and threw it in her face. The soot completely blinded her for ten minutes or more, and a neighbour led her into her house and provided her with water and soap. Fortunately a policeman arrived at the time.—George White, 90 S., said he saw prosecutrix in a state of great suffering from the soot in her eyes. He apprehended the prisoner for having thrown it.

He made a violent resistance and kicked witness several times.—Prisoner in defence said, first, he was drunk, and not aware of what he had done; but secondly, that it was not he who did it, and that some one else took his cap off and threw it.—Constable White denied this, and said prisoner was quite sober. It was the habit of prisoner and his companions to assemble at the corner of the streets in the locality named, and throw bags containing soot at respectable people passing by.—Mr. Mansfield said that such practices must be checked, and ordered prisoner to pay a fine of £5; in default of payment to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for two months.

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